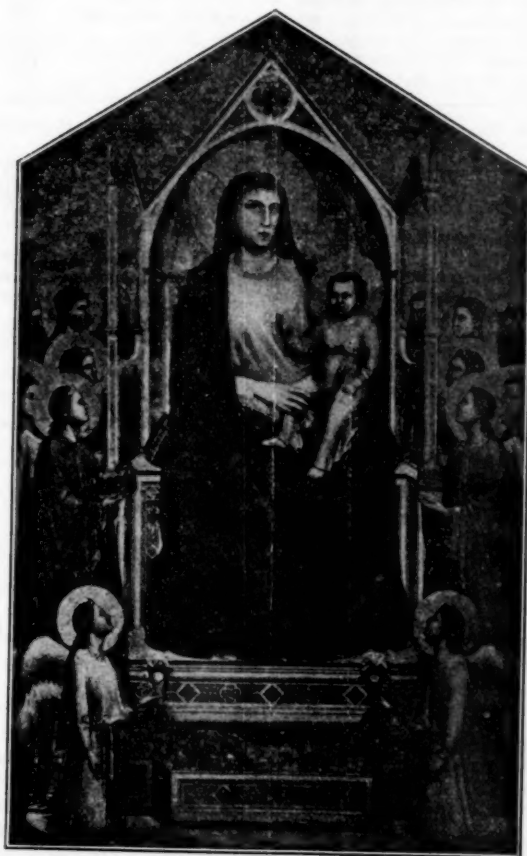




# The Grail



MADONNA AND CHILD—Giotto

THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family—national in scope—is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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### OBITUARY

We commend to the pious prayers of our readers the repose of the soul of Mrs. Nellie Daly. May her soul and the souls of all our deceased relatives, benefactors, readers, and other friends rest in peace.

God grant them eternal rest!

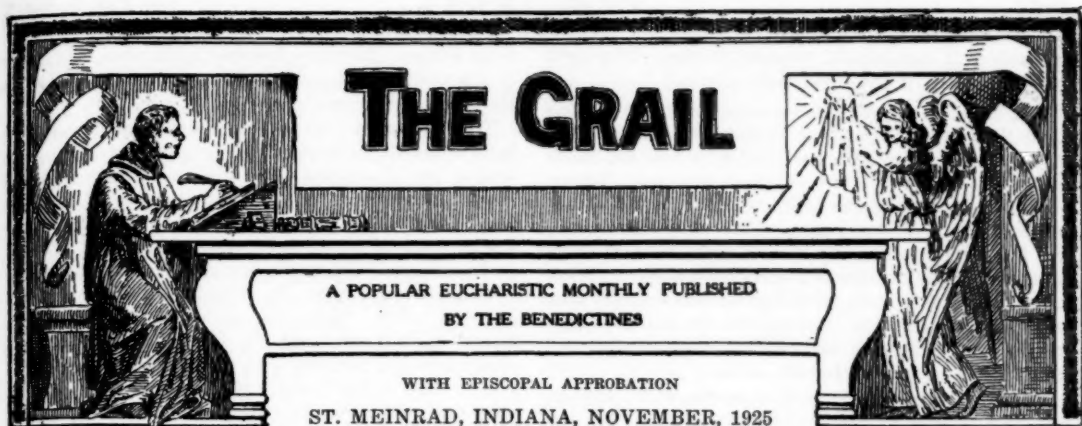
Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament give us grace to love Thee with our whole soul, with all our mind, and with all our strength.

### The Crucifix

MINNIE MORTIMER

(In the hour of Holy Communion.)

O Heart of Jesus, hidden  
Within my heart—Thy Pyx,  
Give me of Thy dear patience;  
Make me Thy crucifix.  
For I would fain console Thee  
(If lies it in my power)—  
In loving, sweet atonement  
Of that most dreadful hour  
When Thou for me didst perish  
In grief and agony.  
Lie close upon my heart, Love,  
That patient I may be—  
In life, in death, like Thee.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

## The Year Declines

November with its gloomy days opens with the glorious feast of All Saints. Countless are the saints in glory whose happy feast is commemorated with joy and gladness on the first of November. This is one of the higher feasts, a holy day of obligation, which is preceded by a day of fast and abstinence. The innumerable band of uncanonized saints, whom we honor on this day, consists of confessors, martyrs, virgins; innocent babes in their baptismal robes, tender children that gave promise of great sanctity, virtuous youths, devout husbands and wives, good parents who raised God-fearing families, sainted grandfathers and grandmothers. These multitudes of happy souls beckon to us to follow their example so that we too may join their blessed company.

But the beautiful feast closes with dirges of sorrow and supplications mingled with grief for another group, likewise almost infinite in number, that is enduring the purging fires and cleansing flames of purgatory. Suffering, these souls are waiting patiently for thoughtless friends and relatives to help them to the joys of paradise. No one may enter there until the last farthing is paid. Poor souls! They have not wherewith to pay their debt. Who will not be moved by their sad lot and come to their aid? The Church, moved to compassion, opens up the treasury of her riches and dispenses a wealth of indulgences, especially the great *toties quoties* plenary indulgence, which may be gained, from noon on All Saints to midnight on All Souls, as often as one visits a church and prays for the intentions of the Holy Father. On this day, every priest may offer up three Masses for the consolation of the faithful departed. The whole month of November is dedicated to the Poor Souls. The alms of prayer that is given to these poor, afflicted ones will be repaid many hundredfold both here and in eternity.

Besides the general feast of All Saints, various religious orders set aside a special day on which to com-

memorate all the saints of their orders. Benedictines celebrate All Saints of the Order on November 13, and the following day is All Souls. These two feasts should inspire us with sentiments of love and gratitude to God for His ineffable goodness and with an ardent desire to be with Him and His saints in the beautiful heaven that He has prepared for us.

The last Sunday of November happens to be the first Sunday of Advent, which reminds us that the anniversary of the birth of Our Savior is at hand and that the end of the year is not far off.

## The Eucharist a Bond of Union

In Europe, since the war, especially in Germany, we read that non-Catholics by the thousands have severed church connections and thrown religion overboard. Many lukewarm and negligent Catholics have also been caught in the tide of the times and have drifted astray. What are we doing to stem the tide? Standing idly by and unconcerned and leaving our fellow men to perish spiritually on the rocks when a helping hand or a warning voice might save them from being dashed to death?

Many non-Catholics, who still have faith in religion, are turning their eyes towards Rome, to the Church which Christ founded on a rock. Catholic liturgy and ceremonial, once rejected, is winning its way back into the heart of Protestantism. Hymn book and bible religion alone is losing its hold on the masses. Movies and rallies and special Sundays and sundry other attractions prove ineffective in the long run. It is the soul that is wanting in Protestantism.

Whence does the Catholic Church derive her tremendous power to attract and hold the multitude? That the Church still holds the masses, that it is possible for her to draw such immense crowds from before dawn to midday Sunday after Sunday throughout the year, and year after year, that even the night workers in large numbers long before break of day hasten to attend the special Sunday services that are arranged for them,

is a source of wonderment to non-Catholics. They little suspect that "it is the Mass that matters."

The Mass, the Eucharistic service instituted by Our Lord Himself, is the magnet that draws. In the Holy Eucharist, then, we have the bond of union, the fulfilment of His promise: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matth. 28:20)—His Eucharistic presence. The Holy Eucharist, the food and nourishment of our souls, the means by which Christ unites Himself most intimately with us, is the bond of our union with Him on earth. In heaven we shall not need this Food of the Strong, for there we shall commune with the Visible Presence, beholding Him face to face in the beatific vision.

To draw all men to Christ, to make them all one with Him and in Him, is surely one of the reasons for the institution of the Holy Eucharist. To help attain the fulfilment of this desire of the Savior was the reason for the establishment in 1920 of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The threefold object of the League is (1) to bring about union and harmony among the Catholics of all nations, (2) to effect the return of all non-Catholic Christians to unity with Rome, and (3) to bring about the conversion of all non-Christians. Members of the League endeavor to attain this grand object (1) by making each day a brief offering of all the Masses and Communion of the whole world for this intention, (2) by attending an occasional Mass, and (3) by receiving Holy Communion occasionally for the same intention. Prospective members of the League should apply to the Editor of THE GRAIL for certificates of admission and membership.

### Catholic Union

IN THE GRAIL for October we alluded briefly to the "Catholic Union," a new society that has for its specific object the reunion with the Church at Rome of our separated brethren in the Near East. Many men who are prominent in Church circles, as well as eminent laymen, on both sides of the Atlantic, are lending encouragement to this work by their wholehearted aid. The Holy Father, who has the reunion of the Near East at heart, has enriched the "Catholic Union" with numerous indulgences.

Only recently has the "Catholic Union" been brought to this country. His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, is the protector of the society for the United States. The officers are: Rev. Dr. Augustine Count Galen, O. S. B., President; Very Rev. Prior Bernard, O. S. B., Treasurer; Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J., Secretary; Hon. Martin Conboy, Director; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph R. Rummel, D. D., Director; Rev. Joseph Kreuter, O. S. B., Executive Secretary; Floyd Keeler, Field Secretary.

The following explanatory matter regarding the "Catholic Union" is sent out by the Field Secretary:

About 120 million Christians in the eastern countries of Europe have been separated from our Holy Church for many centuries. Among other points of difference in their belief from ours, they do not acknowledge the

Holy Father. They are, however, quite close to the door of the true Church and yet they have no share in its blessings and graces.

The time seems to have come when we may bring them back to the Good Shepherd. There seems to be a great longing for this return, especially among the intellectual classes of the Russian and Ukrainian people, and this longing also finds expression among all Catholics in the world, most of all in the heart of our Holy Father. In November, 1923, in his encyclical on the three hundredth anniversary of St. Josaphat's martyrdom, His Holiness said: "May the blood which thou, O St. Josaphat, hast shed for the Church of Christ, be a pledge for the reunion with the Apostolic See which was so dear to thy heart. Mayest thou be a constant intercessor with God, that this union may be at last effected."

And a few months later, addressing the theological students of the Oriental seminaries in Rome, the Holy Father said: "May this holy martyr obtain for all of us the grace to give even our blood and life if God but grant us the great honor of being helpful in obtaining the great desire of His heart, that there be but One Shepherd and One Flock. Announce it, write it to your far away nations, that the arms and the heart of the Father are open to all who wish to return to His loving embrace."

Now then, by joining the Catholic Union an opportunity is offered to every Catholic to work for the return of the separated brethren. According to its statutes, the Catholic Union proposes to effect this in the following way: Firstly, by fervent prayers; Secondly, by the erection and maintenance of seminaries for the priestly training of young men and boys who wish to dedicate their lives to the work of the Union; Thirdly, by the circulation of suitable religious writings.

The Conditions for belonging to the Catholic Union are the following:

1. "To recite daily the invocations, 'That thou wouldst vouchsafe to recall all erring people to the unity of the Church, we beseech Thee to hear us.' 'St. Josaphat, pray for us.'"
2. To make an annual offering for the benefit of the Catholic Union.

On September 18, 1924, His Holiness Pope Pius XI granted the following indulgences to the members of the Catholic Union:

Plenary indulgences may be gained: (1) At the first Vespers and on the Feast of St. Josaphat, patron of the Society (Nov. 14). (2) On Christmas Day, Epiphany, Easter, Ascension Day, Corpus Christi and the Feast of the Sacred Heart. (3) On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Annunciation and Assumption. (4) On the Feast days of St. Chrysostom (Jan. 27), St. Clement Hofbauer (March 15), St. Joseph (March 19), St. Basil (June 14), SS. Peter and Paul (June 29), Cyril and Method (July 5), All Saints' Day (Nov. 1). (5) By those who, at the hour of death, with a contrite heart invoke the Holy Name of Jesus, either orally or silently. A partial indulgence of 300 days, *toties quoties*, (i. e., as often as the prayer is

repeated) may be gained by those who recite the invocation: "That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to recall all erring people to the unity of the Church, We beseech Thee to hear us."

All these indulgences can be gained under the usual conditions and are applicable to the poor souls in Purgatory.

Besides fervent prayer, the most important task of the Catholic Union is the education of priests who belong to the Eastern nations and will work one day among their non-Catholic countrymen and lead them the way home to the Catholic Church. The time necessary for theological studies is five years. The amount for each student is \$250 a year, altogether, therefore, \$1250.

Who will undertake to educate a priest for the work of reunion and thus participate in every good work that this priest will perform during his whole apostolic life? Who will help in the erection and maintaining of seminaries? Who will assist by the distribution of leaflets? Let him join the Catholic Union! Let him also get other members for the Catholic Union and send in their names!

Our Holy Father wants us to offer willingly even our lives for the reunion of the separated Oriental Christians to the Catholic Church. Far less is in reality desired here: Be a zealous member of the Catholic Union, pray, and be generous!

Please address letters, applications for membership, contributions, etc., to Catholic Union, Inc., c/o "America," 39 West 86th Street, New York City.

## The Heroic Act

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

In the first epistle to the Corinthians St. Paul compares the Church to the human body whose members are the faithful and whose head is Christ. He then admonishes us that, as the members of our body mutually help one another, so there should be no "schism in the body" of the faithful; "but the members should be mutually careful one for another. And if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it." This is the principle of that charity and sympathy which have always been characteristic of the followers of Christ.

Among the suffering members, however, the poor souls in purgatory certainly need our help the most, because they are detained in that prison of pain and distress, and are absolutely incapable of helping themselves. It is an article of faith, however, that we on earth can help them by our prayers and good works, and especially by indulgences; and we know that from time immemorial, Christians have ever been zealous in showing their charity towards them in this way. But among the many means which we may make use of in assisting the poor souls, there is that one so beautiful and efficacious and enriched by the Church, with so many indulgences and favors, known as the heroic act.

This is defined as a voluntary offering made by anyone of the faithful in behalf of the poor souls in purgatory of all works of satisfaction done by him in this life, as well as of all suffrages which shall be offered for him after his death. Many of the faithful out of devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, place these works in her hands to be distributed by this Blessed Mother according to her good pleasure. This, however, is not a necessary part of the heroic act.

I said that we offer works of *satisfaction*. To come to a better understanding of this we must consider the value of good works in general. It is the common teaching that every good work of a person in the state of grace, such as prayers, fasting, and works of charity, possesses a threefold value, namely, merit, impetration, and satisfaction:—merit, whereby he stores up to himself a heavenly reward; impetration, whereby he asks for favors from God; and satisfaction, whereby he pays part or all of the debt of punishment due for past sins. Now, whereas he can offer the impetratory and satisfactory parts for others, he cannot offer the merit, because that always accrues to the person performing the work. Take for example a prayer said by a just man: the merit of it goes to himself; the impetration may be offered for another person; and the satisfaction may be applied to a third person. In the heroic act we offer for the poor souls all the satisfactory works which we ourselves perform during life, and all the suffrages offered for us after our death. All indulgences we may gain are included under this—both those applicable to the poor souls, and those granted for the living—because these latter become in this case applicable to the poor souls by special indult of the Church.

In order to make this act we need not necessarily use any set form of words: a mere act of the will suffices. Nor is this to be considered a vow. It does not bind under sin after being made, and hence may be revoked at any time.

It is not known when this pious custom was first introduced, but we know that it is of great antiquity. Great men in Church and State have made the act—men such as Cardinal Ximenes; Ferdinand de Monroy, and many others illustrious for dignity learning, and sanctity. We even read of whole religious communities doing the same. In the beginning of the eighteenth century it was especially advocated and spread through the efforts of Father Caspar Ouden, a Theatine. It has been enriched by many privileges and indulgences, notably by decrees of Popes Benedict XIII, Aug. 1728; Pius VI, Dec. 1788; Pius IX, Sept. 1852, Nov. 1854; Pius X, Feb. 1907.

The privileges and indulgences annexed to this act are the following:

1. An indult of a privileged altar, personally, every day in the year, to all priests who have made this offering.
2. All the faithful gain a plenary indulgence daily under the usual conditions of Communion, visit to the church, and prayer for the intention of the Holy Father. Note that for those who have not yet made their

First Holy Communion, or for those who are lawfully hindered from going to Communion, their confessor can commute the required Communion to some other good work in order to gain this Indulgence.

3. Also a plenary indulgence every Monday to all those who hear Mass for the poor souls, to be gained on the same conditions as under 2. Note that those who cannot go to Mass on Monday can gain this Indulgence by hearing Mass on Sunday.

Moreover, all indulgences granted or to be granted and gained by the faithful who have made this offering, even those ordinarily applicable only to the living, are applicable to the poor souls in purgatory.

It may be objected by some

1. That a priest who has made this act cannot offer Holy Mass for the intention of those from whom he receives the stipend; but this is not the case, because by the heroic act we resign only that part of our good works which would otherwise belong especially and personally to us;

2. That one who has made this act cannot pray for himself or for others; but we must remember that only the satisfactory part of our good works are hereby applied to the poor souls. The merit of them cannot be given away—it always remains our own, whilst the impetratory part can be applied to whomsoever or whatsoever purpose we may wish;

3. That it is a vow and binds under sin; but the Holy See has declared that it is not a vow, and may be revoked freely at any time;

4. That this act interferes with the morning offering whereby we offer our prayers, works, and sufferings according to the intentions of the League of the Sacred Heart; but to show that this is not the case we may compare our works to any other works of charity intended to benefit some person or community, and committed at the same time to the Sacred Heart in order thus to sanctify it by conformity to the will and intention of Our Lord, so that He may apply the satisfactory value of the work to those souls in purgatory whom He may deem most worthy or most in need of it. After all the end of all our doing on earth is to procure the glory of God, and we do this most effectually when we contrive to extend our charity to the greatest number of our brethren.

5. Last of all, the most serious objection seems to be that the heroic act is contrary to a well-ordered love of self, whereby in matters of the soul's welfare, we are bound to be solicitous of ourselves before all others. But on close examination we shall see that it is just in this that the heroic act commends itself most of all.

First, let us consider the relative value of satisfaction and merit. Satisfaction is that value attached to our good works which goes to paying the debt—to remitting the temporal punishment due to our sins. Thus, an indulgence of one year remits as much punishment as was remitted formerly by one year of canonical penance. Satisfaction is transient: it is of value to us only in escaping punishment; when we get to heaven our satisfactions will no more exist for us.

The merit of our works is that value which moves God to grant us new graces in this life and an increase of reward hereafter. Merit is not transient, but eternal. During this life we deposit, as it were, a bank account in heaven, which is there reserved for us to be enjoyed throughout eternity. We cannot say more of it than that it is an augmentation of that glory and joy which the eye hath not seen nor the ear heard nor hath it entered into the heart of man.

Now, in the heroic act what do we lose and what do we gain? We lose only our satisfaction and we gain merit. And what is the value of satisfactions compared to the value of merit? How does the remission of a period of temporal suffering compare with an increase of eternal glory? We can easily see that they do not admit of comparison. Thus Dominicus Soto says that the least increase of merit and grace is to be valued far more highly than freedom from the greatest pain in purgatory; "it is incomparably more desirable," he says, "to have to stay in purgatory twenty years with greater merit and grace than to be there only one day or even to go straight to heaven with less merit."

Let us now see how we increase our merit by the heroic act. In the first place, as Father Faber says, we convert our satisfaction into further merit. A man who keeps his satisfactions and his indulgences does so of his right, because he wishes to avoid suffering after death; whereas he who offers them all for the souls in purgatory makes himself dearer to God by a refinement of love in this heroic exercise of mercy and charity, which he was not bound to, but does out of the sweet freedom of his own will. In other words, merit increases in ratio to charity; but by the heroic act we show the most unselfish,—nay, heroic charity, and therefore receive a corresponding increase of merit. The saintly Father Eusebius Nieremberg, in his work, "Holy Avarice," says that the charity of those has reached the greatest height who are willing to suffer delay in

(Continued on page 320)

## Holy Grail Sonnets

*Dom Hugh Besenot, O.S.B., B.A.*

### 9. AT AVALON

Upon the island of the glowing West  
King Arthur felt heart-moved;—here Grail divine  
Had found its first all-bounteous British shrine;  
But now 'twas hence, and how would fare his Quest?

He knelt in prayer till a monk came and pressed  
His hand and solemn spoke: " 'Twill not be thine,  
The Grail to find, yet do not thou repine,  
It will be won before in death thou rest.

"Behold the tombs for thee and Guinevere,  
Worthy of thy great ancestors;—be brave  
Without reproach and they shall lay thee here."

Then stern to Lancelot, who did start and quail  
To be so near his false Queen's marble grave:  
"Never shalt thou behold the Holy Grail!"

## In Memory

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

THERE was something sunshiny about Danny. There was that ripple of light in his hair just above the cowlick, and the mischievous twinkle in his warm brown eyes. There was the gleam of his strong white teeth when his lips parted in that frank, engaging smile that was a part of Danny. There was the mellowness of his laugh. Just Danny's whistle at the gate or his step on the porch was enough to make the old house sit up and start to primp like a girl when her sweetheart approaches. After all, that was nothing to wonder about. The house was Alex's and Sarah's and life for Alex was just Danny and Sarah, and life for Sarah was just Alex and Danny. They never had but the one child.

He was a good boy, too. It was only love for his parents that kept him home so long. Of course he was under the draft age—that was before they reduced it. But the war had no sooner begun than he was aching to be in it. Sarah didn't realize what was bothering him. To her, for all his broad shoulders and deep man's voice, he was just a baby—the same baby who had pulled her hair with his chubby fists, and cut numerous pearly teeth on her string of empty spoons. When he fell silent and moody, given to long fits of slouching in an arm chair, staring at the ceiling with unseeing eyes, she dosed him with calomel and castor oil, and recommended long walks in the open. Strange as it may seem, it was Alex who realized the root of his son's ailment. He told her one night when Danny was out.

"We'll have to be letting him go soon, now," he said.

"Go?" Sarah sat erect with a startled expression on her usually placid countenance. There was never a doubt in her mind of whom he was speaking. "Him" was always Danny. "Go where?"

Alex looked at her pityingly. His own heart was sore within him.

"With the other lads, sure," he told her, "to camp and overseas mayhap. It's eating his heart out, he is—he's that anxious to go and fearful of worrying us."

While he spoke all the brightness left Sarah. Her face grew grayer and more wrinkled—her form shrunken and bowed. It was as though, all in a moment, age had come to her.

She did not speak, and for a long time they sat thus, seeing visions in the dusky corners of the room. Who shall say what visions? Other mothers and fathers were seeing them, too.

War is cruel to everyone—cruelst of all to mothers and fathers. Alex moved at last. He rose heavily and crossed the room to the side of his wife—his wife and Danny's mother. He patted her hair awkwardly.

"We'll bear it together, Sarah," he said.

She reached up convulsively and caught his hand, drawing it down and laying her tear-wet cheek against it.

"Together, please God," she assented brokenly. "But, oh Alex! Won't we be a lonely old couple when our little boy is gone?"

And now—he was gone—and he was not coming back. Sarah had felt that all along, that he was not coming back. Going had been an elaborate and lavish ceremony. There was the tramping of eager young feet, the colors flying, the bands playing, the plaudits of the crowd, the weeping of mothers and wives and sweethearts, the strained faces of fathers, the adoration and admiration of small brothers.

Then there were the letters from camp—cheery letters, enthusiastic letters, Danny-like letters, letters that made them feel that the boy was just gone visiting awhile, and that the war was a long way off instead of just around the corner. Then came the "Sailing soon" message, and then that uncommunicative "Safe in France." Safe in France, and all the terror of submarine and mine and deep-sea perils past. Safe in France, and innumerable horrors to come. Letters came at long intervals now, letters that still tried bravely to be cheery, and failed miserably between the lines. Letters that breathed of faith and love and religion—things that a boy like Danny seldom talked about. Letters that made them alternately proud and sad. Letters, and then silence.

The not-coming-back part was like that, you see. Nothing elaborate or lavish about it—no bands or crowds or anything. Only silence. Neighbors hushing their voices when they asked about him. Cold fear clutching at their hearts when they picked up the daily papers. Furtive wiping away of tears and comforting pats on shoulders. Long nights of watching and prayer. Hope that flickered and died into nothingness. The official report at last—saddest of all words—"Missing." There seemed to be nothing left after that. Nothing to work for or hope for. Very little for which to live.

The worst of all for Sarah—the thing that made it hardest to bear—was the fact that she couldn't see Danny's grave, for there was never any doubt in her mind that he was dead. She had felt that he would die over there. They

saw a French graveyard in the movies—the place where Danny had last gone into action never to be seen again alive. Such a pretty sunlit space it was, with row on row of white crosses. Sarah wept bitterly.

"It's comforting to know he's in such a pretty place with the dear cross above him," she said, "But oh, Alex! Just to plant a little geranium of my own there, and kneel beside the little plot—any little plot would do, even if it weren't Danny's—Danny's understand—"

"Hush, Sarah, hush!" Alex had quieted her, but her words set him thinking. They were not rich in worldly goods, but perhaps, if it would comfort Sarah. He voiced his thought a few days later.

"Would you like to go, Sarah, over there where the little white crosses are? We could work and save—it'd be something to look forward to."

Would she? Her radiant face answered him.

From that time a new animation came to Sarah. She urged Alex to sell the car, and bank the money. She "turned" her dresses when they were shabby and made over her faded hats. Alex walked to work to save car fare and cut down his portion of tobacco. As the hoard in the bank began to grow Alex's whistle returned, and Sarah took to humming as she moved about her homely duties. Often she told Kathleen about it. Kathleen lived in the second house, and she and Danny had played together when Danny went barefoot and she wore her hair in "pigtails." Danny called her "Katzie."

Kathleen would "run in" in the evenings with the baby in her arms. She had been a war-bride and her husband had died of the influenza in training camp. Now Kathleen worked in the "Five and Ten," while her married sister Lottie boarded the baby. Their common grief served as a bond to draw the two women, Sarah and Kathleen, together.

"Katzie," Sarah would say, when she had put the finishing touches to the supper work, and was reaching out to take Baby Jim in her capable arms, "it's only three months now till the trip. We're getting so *rich*, you can't *imagine*! Don't you tell Alex but I've ten dollars of my own in nickles and dimes in the old cracked sugar bowl. My, but he'll be surprised when I show it to him!"

Kathleen smiled tenderly, her eyes as shiny as Sarah's. It never entered her mind to be envious though ten dollars to Katzie would have been a fortune. In her case there had been no insurance—and then there had been Baby Jim and the doctor bills. Then her widowed mother had died and she had been thrown on her own resources. Her sister Bridget had been kind, but Bridgie had eight of her own to care for. Of course there was the job at the Five and

Ten, but seven dollars a week is no fortune. Not with milk to buy for the baby and shoes wearing out so fast.

"Ma Whitman!" Kathleen would rejoice with her, "I can just see you. The sunshine resting on the white crosses and the red poppies. Ain't there poppies, Ma? Seems to me I've always heard it. And you kneeling by them to say your beads—and putting flowers on the grave, maybe. Will you have a new black dress, now?"

And so they talked, these two women, and planned and dreamed. A pitiful thing to dream about, maybe, but worth as much and more than as much as most earthly dreams. Baby Jim pulled himself up by the furniture, teetered daintily on his fat feet, and made his devious way into the "settin' room," where Alex read the paper and dreamed too. Outside in the street the children shouted and the cars jangled by, and the cone and waffle man shouted their wares and rang their bells, but Sarah never heard them. Long before the actual time of sailing was at hand, Sarah was "living in France."

The weeks flew by. Sarah knew it was coming but it was none the less delicious shock the day Alex told her:

"I've booked passage for three weeks from Thursday."

Three weeks! She must run and tell Katzie. The child would be delighted. She hadn't been over for a few days, now—poor Katzie! She was working so hard and looking pale and thin. Sarah reflected on Katzie's wan appearance, as she pinned a shawl about her for protection from the night air, and almost forgot the sack of cookies she had made ready for Baby Jim. Bless him! She would miss him while she was in France. Three weeks! Kathleen would be glad. She slipped out the back way and around through the alley to the younger woman's rear door. Once there she paused with her hand on the knob, while a sick feeling of apprehension overwhelmed her. From within the house there came the sound of wild, uncontrolled weeping.

It was late when Sarah went home and Alex was already in bed and snoring. She undressed quietly and, kneeling by the bed, prayed for a long, long time. When she had got in bed she could not sleep, but turned and tossed restlessly until Alex ceased his snoring and turning over put an arm about her.

"What's the matter, Honey?" he asked comfortingly. "You sick?" And then she wept—hot, bitter tears, and long-drawn, choking sobs, until Alex, alarmed, got up and turned on the lights, and brought in the camphor and the smelling salts, and even the holy water, and did all the foolish, futile things a man does to make a woman stop crying when he doesn't

know why she is crying. And then, when she had brushed away all his ministrations, and cried herself out, she told him.

"There's nothing wrong with me, Alex. It's little Katzie. She hasn't been well for a long time, and now the doctor says she must go to a sanitarium. She hasn't any money, and there's Jimmie—and, besides, there will soon be another little one in the family for Bridgie to bestow her care upon and she can't take him, and there's only the orphanage, and the poor child is nearly crazy. If she goes to a sanitarium, she'll have to give up Jimmie to strangers—and if she doesn't, she'll die—oh, Alex, it's awful—awful!"

Alex tried in his clumsy way to comfort her. "It's too bad, but I wouldn't worry so over it. There's always free rooms in the sanitarium and they're good to babies at the Orphanage."

"Alex Whitman!"

Anger dried Sarah's eyes, and she sat up very straight, and blew her nose furiously.

"Do you think for one minute that blessed lamb is going to the Orphanage. INDEED NOT!"

Alex wilted beneath her magnificent scorn.

"But—but I thought you said Bridgie—"

"Bridgie nothing! Bridgie isn't going to take care of him. I am!" You can cancel those bookings. Going to France isn't going to do Danny one bit of good—and it's a selfish way to spend all that money. We'll take it and help Katzie and take care of Jimmie. Oh, Alex—" as she noticed the queer expression on his face, "do you feel bad about it? Did you want so much to go—over there?"

Alex smiled shakily even while he fumbled for his handkerchief.

"Land no! No, Sarah," he said. "Ever since it's been getting nigh onto the time of going I've been scared to death. Remember how seasick I got that time we went from Chicago to St. Joe? And what does an old codger like me know about travel and 'parleyvooring'? I'd have an awful time looking after the baggage. I'd make some awful blunders, and like as not get lost. Land, Sarah, don't you worry about me—I'm glad enough to stay home!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Kathleen was getting rosy and strong in her sanitarium, and Jimmie was able to walk without the assistance of furniture and walls, when Sarah's Cousin Kate came to visit her the following summer.

"Gracious, Sarah!" said that outspoken lady as soon as she had time to draw her breath, "whatever made you give up your trip to Europe, and why under the sun do you want to saddle yourself with a baby at your age?"

Sarah smiled serenely. Her gaze went past her cousin's sparely interrogative person to rest with brimming tenderness on the tousled head of the little boy who played in the grass plot at the rear of the house, a tousled head so like that of another little boy who had once played there, that it sometimes made her heart ache with sweetly sad memories.

"Going to Europe at our age would be a fearful strain on our nerves," she explained. "Foolish, too. Danny is just as close here—and closer. As for the baby—God bless his preciousness! Danny would like that, too. You see, we're raising him just—in memory."

And there was something in her voice as she said the last two words that filled the other woman's eyes with burning tears.

## The Eucharist and Children

In an article on "Frequent Communion for School Children," A. J. V., S. S. S., in the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, for October, applying the words of Our Lord—"Come to Me all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you"—says that these words may rightly be construed as a call to receive Holy Communion frequently. We all know the Holy Father's wish to have children communicate very often, daily if possible. In the case of these school children, besides the desire of Christ's representative on earth, there is a real necessity so to say. If children are not heart and soul in their school work they may suffer for it in afterlife. Frequent Communion is a source of strength and courage to do the duties which fall to our lot. Think of the happy school days which will inevitably follow the child's reception of Jesus. And every single day may thus be made happy. Again, the fact that the children are receiving their education, would alone demand a frequent reception of Holy Communion. The Holy Communion so affects the mind, heart, and will that its very reception is an education. The consequence is, that the work of the teachers and parents is sensibly lessened; the children being really as wax in their hands. Besides, the trials of school days are presages of the greater trials of afterlife. And if, while as yet young, the children are taught to bear with their little vexations by approaching the Sacraments, later on, as men and women, they will turn, in greater difficulties, to the same source of consolation—to Him who has said, "Come to Me all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Let the thought of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament permeate your life and incite you to perform your daily duties faithfully.

# Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

## THE EGYPT OF MOSES

**J**OSEPH and Pharaoh had invited the aged Patriarch Jacob to move with his large family and all his belongings into Egypt so as to be provided for during the remaining seven years of famine, which were still threatening. Both the king and Joseph offered them the district of Gessen; because it was rich in pastures and not yet thickly peopled. Jacob, being encouraged by a vision, accepted the offer and lived there 17 years. He died after blessing his sons and adopting the two sons of Joseph, Ephraim, and Manasses; and he was buried with Abraham and Isaac in the cave of Mambré near Hebron in South Palestine. Joseph, although the youngest but one, died before his brothers, warning them beforehand of the tribulations which were to befall them in Egypt, and predicting the return of their descendants to the promised land.

The tribulations did come when a king arose, who had not known Joseph, and the merits he had acquired as the savior of the nation. The shepherd people of Israel were forced into the hard and unaccustomed labor of brickmaking; they were harshly treated and overworked, in order to extinguish gradually their whole stock. But as by God's blessing they were thriving on their poor fare and long working hours, the king ordered all the newborn baby boys to be thrown into the river. The miraculous saving of Moses by Pharaoh's own daughter, his adoption by her, his education at the court, his defence of the poor oppressed Israelites (by which he endangered his life and had to flee into the desert,) his stay there for forty years until God appeared to him in the burning bush, are well known facts which need not detain us here, nor the story of the first nine plagues which fell on the Egyptians, so as to move Pharaoh to let the people depart with all their numerous flocks. As he still hesitated there came the last and most distressing plague on the Egyptians, the death of all the first born sons. In order to save the Israelites, who lived amongst them, from the slaying Angel, God ordered through Moses the offering of a paschal lamb in each Hebrew family, and commanded that this rite should be celebrated annually forever by the people of Israel. The law of the paschal lamb contained a number of prescriptions which show most manifestly, that it was a type of the LAMB OF GOD, who was to be slain to take away the sins of the world and of his EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE AND SACRAMENT.

The Blood of the paschal lamb was to be sprinkled with a bunch of hyssop on the transom and the two cheeks of every Hebrew door, so that the Angel should know, that for the sake of this blood the life of the first-born in that house should be spared. This figure is now fulfilled in every blessed soul in heaven, wherefore the twenty-four ancients, seen by Saint John (Apoc. 5:9), sing in their new canticle to the Divine Lamb: "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God in thy blood out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation."

The flesh of the paschal lamb was to be roasted over the fire as a whole, and in order to do this conveniently the Jews were accustomed to stretch it on a stick reaching from head to tail, whilst to two forelegs were kept asunder by a cross stick. Here we have a sign of the crucifixion; for in order to provide that great sacrifice, of which the Holy Mass is an unbloody renewal, Our Blessed Lord was roasted in the painful heat of his burning wounds, his terrible thirst, and his extreme agony.

Saint John reminds us in the history of the sacred Passion, that no bone of the crucified Saviour was broken, in order that the scripture might be fulfilled: "You shall not break a bone of him"; but these words are not in a prophecy, but merely in the law of the paschal lamb, so that we know from the holy evangelists, that that lamb was a type of Christ crucified.

The paschal lamb was a true sacrifice, not by itself a sacrifice of atonement, but rather the figure of the atonement brought about by Our Lord on the cross. In itself it was a peace offering, the chief characteristic of which was the eating of part of it by the offerer. Peace offerings were not meant to make peace between God and man, but rather supposed that peace and friendship already existed. In this respect the paschal lamb was a close type of our Holy Communion, which is a peace offering and supposes in the receiver the state of sanctifying grace.

As the paschal meal was to strengthen the Israelites on their journey through the desert towards the promised land, so holy Communion is the best sustenance on our way to heaven. This is true of its daily and frequent reception, but above all of the Holy Viaticum. Then the departing soul needs special strength and light to escape the wiles of the hellish Pharaoh and his hosts, the danger of being drowned in the red sea of despair or crushed against the rock of self-satisfaction and presumption.

Each worthy Holy Communion is a triumphal step on the way of salvation, due to the saving Lord; and therefore it ought to spur us on to fervent praise and thanksgiving, such as Mary the sister of Moses intoned, when the people of Israel had safely passed through the Red Sea and saw the army of its persecutors drowned in its waves.

With the eating of the paschal lamb was closely connected, from the beginning, the eating of unleavened bread. Leaven is mentioned in one of our Lord's parables as a type of the good moral influence of the Church on sinful mankind. But as a rule ferment stands for wickedness; our Lord warns his disciples against the leaven of the Pharisees, which was hypocrisy, and Saint Paul exhorts the Corinthians (1 Cor. 5:6,8) to cast out the old leaven of malice and wickedness. He alludes to the fact, that during the octave of the pasch the Jews were not allowed to keep ferment in their houses. The origin of this law goes back to the exit of the Israelites from Egypt and therefore our Lord Himself consecrated unleavened

bread. They had to depart at night in great haste, and had no time to let the dough ferment; therefore they had to bake it unleavened and take the azymes with them on the journey.

The Western Church keeps the old apostolic tradition, and thus the sacred host reminds us of the purest holiness of the God-man, who is hidden under its appearance. Some Eastern Churches, however, consecrate fermented bread, and Western Catholics are allowed to receive Holy Communion from Catholic Uniates who use it. To the Eastern mind unleavened bread appears Jewish and dead, whereas ferment seems to them a symbol of Christianity and of life. This is a question which does not touch our faith, and if we take the meaning of azymes and ferment in the right spirit both of them will lead to edification, and also to great gratitude towards the Lamb of God, who was not satisfied to offer himself once on the cross for our sins, but who offers Himself daily as our sacrifice of peace, and as the supersubstantial daily food. BLESSED BE JESUS IN THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR!

## A Raging Tempest

HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

**A**LTHOUGH she was the mother of a great big boy of fifteen, Elsie Manners looked a mere girl and in many ways she still seemed like a spoilt child. In point of fact she had been spoilt all her life, first by her adoring parents, whose only child she was, and then by her equally doting husband. Socially, she had married beneath her, having run away from school when little more than sixteen to wed a simple mechanic several years older than herself. John Manners was an excellent man, a fervent Catholic and indefatigable worker. He was also very good looking and, although he had had few educational advantages, he was so intelligent and fond of study that he was far more cultured and refined than most men of his class. Still, though he endeavoured in every way to humor his wife and make her happy, she had found her married life very different from the ease and luxury she had enjoyed as the only daughter of a prominent lawyer, and more than once she had regretted the fit of impulsive wilfulness which had made her elope. Her husband was deeply grateful to her for having, as he thought, sacrificed so many social advantages and pleasures for love of him, and this had made him so indulgent that he overlooked over and over again fits of passionate temper and bitter words which would have estranged many men forever. For Elsie had a violent and ungoverned temper and, so far

from attempting to curb it, she rather prided herself on what she called her sensitive nature.

"People have to take me as I am," she would say with a laugh. "I am so nervous and excitable that I fly into a passion and say a lot of things I don't mean. But it's just a flash in the pan and five minutes after I have forgotten all about it. I never sulk or bear a grudge but forget it all."

"Yes, but do you think that the people you have been cross with always do?" answered a friend of hers. "You may hurt them more than you think and some day one of them may not forgive you and then you will be sorry, besides, excuse me for saying so, but it does not give a good example to your boys."

"Oh well, I must say that Bernard rather takes after me," laughed Elsie, "but Will is just like his father, so sedate and quiet. He just exasperates me when I am mad with him because he just stands there looking miserable in stead of answering me back as Bernard does. He is more inclined to sulk and has not such a fine impulsive nature as the little fellow."

One Saturday afternoon Will had come home early with a new book on science, which he was most eager to read. Though in haste to get home to study, he had gone out of his way to buy his mother a box of candy and a bunch of violets with part of the money he had earned by selling papers in his spare time, a thing he

had been doing for years in order to save up some money with which to go to college later on. Mrs. Manners was intent on helping Bernard to make a kite and she received Will's gifts with an indifferent "Thanks, dear," and left them on the table without even putting the flowers in water. Will gave a little sigh of disappointment and went to study his book under a tree in the garden. Just as he was deeply engrossed in his subject, Bernard called to him from the porch:

"Will, come and help me fly my kite!"

"I haven't time to fly kites today, I have a lot to study," he answered without looking up from his book.

"Oh shoot, that's mean of you. Come along, brother, you can do your old studies this evening, and I want you now."

"Well you can't have me that's all, go and get some of your chums to help you," said Will firmly.

But Bernard didn't mean to be put off, he coaxed and begged, then began to storm and stamp his feet, and finally ran in howling to complain to his mother. A minute after he came out again triumphantly shouting:

"Mother says you've got to come, and you can do your studying tonight, so there, sir."

"Mother does not know how much I've got to do. I'll go in and talk to her when I've finished this page," said Will.

"No you wont, you shall come now," cried the child passionately, and so saying he made a dive at Will's book and tried to snatch it out of his hand. But though a quiet boy, Will was a good athlete and remarkably strong and in an instant he had wrenched the volume out of Bernard's hand in no gentle way. Bernard set up the most pitiful, bloodcurdling howls and ran back to his mother shrieking:

"Oh! Will has broken my arm, mother, he's broken my hand because—he wouldn't help me—with—my kite—oh I know my hand is broken."

Trembling with anxiety and rage Elsie Manners ran out and began weeping over her "poor darling Bernard" and storming at his brother, calling him a heartless brute, his brother's assassin, and every other hard name she could think of. It was in vain that a neighbor, who had run in to find out what was the matter, tried to make her see that there was nothing amiss with the child's arm or hand, and that Will, in his quiet way, tried to explain that he had merely prevented his brother from snatching the book out of his hand. This only angered her the more and, while lovingly massaging Bernard's chubby hand, she cried and sobbed and fairly shrieked.

"He was quite right to try and take it from you, what business had you to be reading when I told you to go and fly his kite. But you can never think of anyone but yourself—you're the most selfish, heartless, brutal boy—that—ever lived, never thinking—or caring about anyone but yourself.—It's always your stupid studies and nothing else with you and—some of these days you will be killing this poor innocent darling, you great rough clumsy thing.—You've nearly broken his arm as it is.—Why aren't you earning your living like other boys of your age instead of spunging on your poor hard working father?"

"Mother!" expostulated Will stepping forward, white to the very lips.

"He didn't really hurt me much, mother, and I was the one to begin it," put in Bernard fairly scared at the tempest he had caused.

"She doesn't mean it, Will. You know she does not mean it, boy. Come with me!" cried the neighbour almost in tears herself.

"Yes, go, go! I don't want you, I've done with you," shrieked Mrs. Manners. "You are no boy of mine—attacking a poor defenceless little chap of about half your size, you great hulking brute—Go!"

"All right, mother, I'll go," said Will in a dull tense voice as he turned from her and went up to his room, while Elsie flung herself on the sofa in floods of tears, perfectly exhausted by her fit of passion. Bernard, feeling very uncomfortable and ashamed, listlessly picked up the kite, the innocent cause of all this painful scene, and the neighbour felt it best to make herself scarce as soon as possible.

After awhile Mrs. Manners sobbed herself to sleep, and when she awoke an hour or so later, she was sometime realizing what had happened. Surely it had been all a bad dream—yet no, it all came back to her too vividly and Will's blanched face and look of anguish haunted her. For once she felt really ashamed of herself and anxious as to the result of her anger. A dull foreboding hung upon her heart like lead. How still the house was! She sat up and listened, but not a sound broke the silence except the singing of the birds in the garden. She sprang to her feet and the first things that met her eye were Will's violets and box of candy—her favorite mark of chocolates too! How thoughtful he always was and yet she had accused him of being selfish! She picked up the violets tenderly and before placing them in water took part of them and pinned them to the front of her dress. Will would love to see them there she knew. Doubtless he was up in his room studying, for his den, as he called it, was always his refuge in family storms. By and by she

would go up to him, put her arms round his neck and say as she had often said before:

"You know I did not mean it, Will, you know how mother loves you, but I wish you could sometimes tear yourself from your studies," and he would look so happy when she kissed him and called him her own dear boy. She longed to go up to him at once, and yet she was afraid, and why? Why did the stillness of the house strike such a chill to her heart? She must do something and she began nervously to prepare the supper. What was Will specially fond of? Oh yes! waffles and maple syrup. Sure, she would make some to surprise him. She remembered how he had loved them even as a tiny boy and seemed to see him sitting in his high chair and clapping his tiny hands as she put them on the table. What a darling lovable little fellow he had been with his blue eyes, fair curls, and sunny disposition, so different from that restless little Bernard. This had been all his fault making out that his brother had broken his hand and she must punish him for it. She certainly had spoiled him too much of late, and had not been fair to poor Will. What else would the boy like for supper? And she finally prepared quite a feast for him. But oh! why did they not come home? Surely it was supper time. Bernard was the first to arrive crying dejectedly:

"This beastly old kite is punk, I can't get it to fly at all!"

"You don't deserve to after telling such lies about your brother," said his mother sharply. "Go up at once and beg his pardon and tell him supper is ready and your father will be in soon. Tell him mother has a surprise for him," she added with an attempt at a smile. A minute later Bernard came running down with a look of consternation on his rosy face, saying:

"Will isn't there, mother, and—"

"Oh well, there's nothing wonderful in that," interrupted his mother hurriedly, "he has most likely gone to the library or to see some of his chums, but he'll be in soon for he knows daddy does not like you boys to be late for meals."

But daddy came in and six o'clock struck and still there was no sign of the lad, and though Elsie kept back the meal as long as she dared, they had to begin without him.

"Where is Will? Isn't he coming home to supper?" enquired Mr. Manners after an oppressive silence.

"Well, he may have been delayed, you needn't be so strict with the poor fellow on holidays," answered Elsie sharply. "It's only natural he should like to have a little pleasure sometimes and now he is such a big boy I think he might have a little more liberty."

John Manners looked at his wife in astonishment, for it was unusual for her to take Will's part and the meal went on in silence, but Elsie could hardly eat a mouthful, the food seemed to choke her, and she listened with growing anxiety for the familiar step and prayed fervently for her boy's return. As the minutes dragged slowly by she became more and more nervous, and at last she could stand it no longer but got up several times to go and look down the street, then suddenly seizing the telephone she called up several of Will's friends to enquire if he was there.

"Don't be so anxious, Mother," said her husband kindly, "the boy has most likely gone to the ball game and forgotten all about the time. Boys will be boys, and as you were saying just now, he is growing quite old enough to take care of himself."

"I made the waffles on purpose for him and they won't be eatable," said Elsie, the tears springing to her eyes, as, for about the tenth time, she went to look down the road. Even Bernard could scarcely eat a bite and seemed inclined to cry and daddy looked from the one to the other with increasing wonder.

"What has happened?" he inquired at last, "Why are you so anxious about Will, Mother? Has there been some trouble?" he added hesitatingly.

"It was all Bernard's fault," sobbed Elsie, breaking down completely. "He—he said—Will had—broken his hand—and I believed him—and I stormed at Will. I—told him to go—and not come back—I said I was sick of him—said I didn't want him—here any more. But I didn't mean it—he must have known I didn't mean it—it was only just my way. But, oh my boy!—my Will! where can he have gone? Oh I will die if he does not come back," and Elsie flung herself in her husband's arms in floods of tears, moaning: "Oh, John, find him—bring him back—tell him I didn't mean it,—that it was all a mistake!"

Deeply concerned, Mr. Manners made all possible inquiries about the lad, phoning here and there, questioning all their friends and neighbours, but nothing could be heard about him, and ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck without his returning. Mrs. Manners was nearly beside herself. Nothing could persuade her to go to bed, and all night she paced restlessly up and down, moaning and wringing her hands and every now and then falling on her knees to pray as she had never prayed before. The next morning, almost as soon as it was light, she hurried to the church and poured out her sorrow and remorse to Father Walsh.

"Poor child!" said Father pityingly, "did I not warn you that your carelessness about those

fits of temper would bring their own punishment? But do not grieve like this. Trust in the Sacred Heart and Our Lady and they will bring your boy back to you. I will offer up my Mass for his return."

But in spite of prayers, Masses, inquiries, advertisements, and the efforts of the police, no clue could be found of the missing boy except that he had been seen twice, once at a country inn and once in the shipping quarter of San Francisco. It was, therefore, to be supposed that he had gone on a long journey and there was nothing further to do but wait till they could get news of him. Week after week, month after month passed, and still they heard nothing. The poor mother waited anxiously for every mail, only to be disappointed time after time, and all day long she listened with yearning hope for the familiar footstep, the sound of the loved voice. Would she never see him again? had she lost her boy forever, and all through her fit of temper? She was gentle enough now, gentle and quiet with a sadly wistful look in her brown eyes, an almost pathetic fear of offending or grieving anyone. Father Walsh had taught her to find her consolation in piety and works of charity, while endeavouring to make the home bright and happy for her husband and Bertie, but in her heart was the sword of sorrow and remorse.

It was springtime when Will went away and now summer had passed and Thanksgiving was approaching. Such days are always particularly trying to those in sorrow, bringing back memories of happier times and Elsie fairly dreaded this one and hoped she would be allowed to let it go by unnoticed. To her surprise, almost at the last minute her husband insisted they should have a grand spread and invite Father Walsh, who accepted with alacrity. Indeed both he and John seemed quite eager over the festival. How could they be, Elsie wondered! Still, to please them, she prepared for a fine dinner, decorated the house and dressed herself prettily to receive her guest. Oh! how her heart ached as she looked at all these preparations and thought of her absent son!

They were to have a late dinner and John had insisted that she should have a woman in to cook the meal and wait at table so that Elsie might be free to entertain Father Walsh all the afternoon. They were, therefore, sitting together in the drawing-room, but the conversation dragged and they all seemed ill at ease, when all of a sudden a quick firm step sounded on the gravel walk and Elsie sprang up with a low cry and stood for a minute pale, panting breathless, and then, as the door opened, there was a simultaneous exclamation of "Will! my boy!" "Darling mother!" as she fell into the

extended arms of a tall manly young fellow and they both sobbed for very joy. Words are too poor to tell of such joys, and for a time they were all too moved to speak but kissed and pressed each other's hands, feeling as if their hearts would burst with happiness and thanksgiving.

"Did you know he was coming and not tell me?" said Elsie reproachfully to her husband.

"I only heard yesterday, and Father and I thought it would be such a glorious Thanksgiving surprise for you," he answered with a smile.

When they had a little recovered from their emotion. Will related his thrilling adventures. A short time before that fatal Saturday a wealthy young friend of his, who was going to China to look after a business house of his father's out there, had offered to take him, paying all his expenses. Of course he had refused, but that afternoon he had rushed to this friend's house just in time to find him going off in his automobile. After a word of explanation he had jumped in with him and on the way they had a break down which so delayed them that they just barely reached the ship in time, and it was not till they were out at sea that Will recollected that he had sent no message home. On reaching China they had again barely time to catch the train, and before arriving at their destination they and many of their fellow passengers were taken prisoners by the bandits. For many weeks they remained in painful captivity underfed, kept in miserable hovels that swarmed with vermin, and were in hourly dread of being massacred. In his misery the boy had found help and consolation in the Sacred Heart and had even succeeded in converting his companion who had, until then, been an unbeliever. As soon as they had been released, Will had taken the first ship home, determined to ask his parents to allow him to study for the missionary priesthood. While in China he had written several times home but owing, doubtless, to the unsettled state of the country, the letters had evidently gone astray.

At first Elsie was distressed at the thought of another separation, but Father Walsh reminded her that it would be many years before the boy could be ordained, so putting away all anxiety about the future, they gave themselves up to the joy of their reunion. After a time Father Walsh proposed they should make a visit of thanksgiving to the Blessed Sacrament and never had they prayed with more fervor of gratitude and happiness than they did that afternoon as they knelt before the tabernacle. As they were coming home to their sumptuous

(Continued on page 309)

# Let Us Break Their Bonds Asunder

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"DID you see the interesting news item in the latest *Catholic Sentinel*, Father?" inquired Mr. Tyler.

"Interesting item? Why I suppose they are all interesting, Mr. Tyler," replied Father Gilbert.

"Well, some are more so than others, Father. I meant the one that gave ancient, not modern news. I refer to the anecdote quoted from St. Gregory the Great."

"St. Gregory relates many striking incidents. As to this week's paper I haven't had time to peruse it."

"Oh, it pertains to the Christian captive who was thrown into chains far away from home. His wife, not having heard of him for a long time, thought that he was dead. Then on a certain day of each week she had a Mass said for the repose of his soul. After many years the man was released and returned home. He found his wife still living and related to her how hard his lot had been, yet he declared that on certain days he felt greatly consoled, was freed from his bands, very patient, and completely resigned to God's will. His wife, full of surprise at this statement, asked what days those were. She found that this relief came to him on those very days on which she had had the Masses said."

"Yes, I recall the incident from the Dialogues of St. Gregory. But does this case not help bring home to you the power of the Mass in another respect? If the Holy Sacrifice releases the bands of people who are still on this earth, will it not do this all the more in favor of the

dead for whom Holy Church urges us to offer up the Mass? In fact, St. Jerome is of the opinion that when the Sacrifice is applied to a particular soul in purgatory the pains of

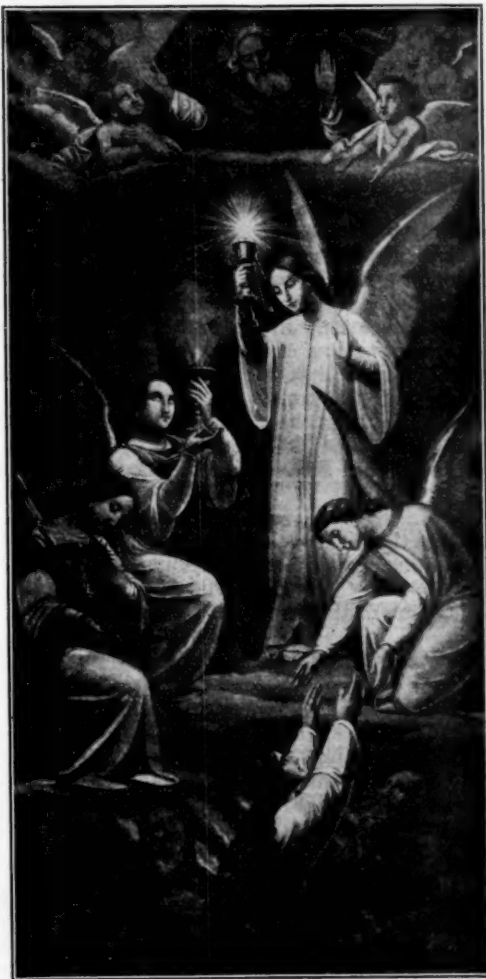
that soul are suspended during this Mass. Now, whilst we must leave this matter to the mercy of God, yet who dare gainsay St. Jerome's view? He adds that in every Mass a great number of souls leave purgatory and arrive in heaven."

Just then a clang of Father Gilbert's mail box announced the arrival of the morning's mail. The priest was overjoyed to get a card from Rome. "Why, it's a view from the Tre Fontane," he exclaimed.

"What's that, Father? the name of some hotel?"

"Tre Fontane, or Three Fountains, is a place near Rome where St. Paul was beheaded. According to a legend his head, severed from the body, rebounded striking the earth in three places, from each of which a fountain sprang forth. They are still flowing and can be found within the Church of St. Paul of the Three Fountains. Here St. Bernard said Mass one day. During the Holy Sacrifice he is said to have seen angels ascending and descending

on a brilliant ladder as Jacob the Patriarch had seen them. They descended from Heaven to purgatory to release imprisoned souls and then ascended, leading the liberated ones to the joys of paradise. This vision is said to have served as the occasion for the erection of a confraternity whose purpose is the liberation of the poor souls from purgatory. A similar apparition



HAVE PITY ON ME, AT LEAST YOU, MY FRIENDS

was vouchsafed to Blessed John of Fermo (d. 1322). When on All Souls' Day, at the moment of consecration, he offered the Precious Blood to the Heavenly Father with intense fervor for the poor souls, he saw a number of them ascend to Heaven in the form of sparks as out of a furnace. When the angels carry the fruits of the Mass to purgatory they do something similar to what happened to the three youths in the fiery furnace in Babylon. A refreshing breeze is made to stir and the poor souls, especially those for whom the Mass is said, experience a mitigation of their pains and receive a pledge of their early release."

"What is it in particular that makes the Mass so powerful in regard to the poor souls?"

"In the Mass it is Jesus Christ Himself who prays. He does not first have to ask pardon for His own sins. He it is, then, that intercedes for the poor souls, who offers Himself as an atoning victim for their still remaining venial sins and penalties due to sin, and who applies to them a part of the superabundant satisfaction merited by Him during His earthly life and especially through His bitter passion and death. Yes, it is the blood of Christ that is pleading for us all that extinguishes the flames of purgatory."

Another clang. This time it was the door bell. "Why it's Genevieve Dayer," said Father Gilbert by way of greeting.

"Father, mama wants two Masses said for Uncle John as soon as you can say them."

"Very well, child, I will announce them when the time comes."

With a "Thank you, Father," she dashed out of the door.

"It just struck me, Father," continued Mr. Tyler, "that scarcely anything is so consoling to the people as this doctrine."

"Yes, and what distress to the poor souls if they are forgotten. Cardinal Baronius, the great historian, who died in 1607, narrates in his 'Ecclesiastical annals': 'In Lent of 874, when Louis the German was praying he saw in spirit his father, Louis the Pious, in a most deplorable state, in which he had been since his death, that is, for thirty-four years. "I conjure you, my son," said the father, "to snatch me out of these pains which I have been suffering for so long, that I may finally be made a partaker of eternal life." The king, amazed at this apparition, sent letters to all the monasteries of the realm that they might pray and say Masses for the departed especially for the soul of his father.'

"In those ages of faith the people realized better than today the efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice in behalf of the poor souls. A council, held in Mainz during the reign of Louis the German at which St. Ansgar, Archbishop of Hamburg,

was likewise present, ordained that 300 Masses should be said for the king and his family. This decree, together with the acts of the council, was handed to the son. The request of the father was thus literally fulfilled. The soul of the deceased appeared no more, which fact justified the supposition that it had entered its eternal rest.

"I presume that you have heard of the famous case related in the life of Blessed Henry Suso."

"No, Father, I have not."

"Well, when the holy Dominican was still studying in Cologne he made a pact with a priest confrère that whichever survived the other should say several Masses for the deceased. After a few years Blessed Henry's friend died. The former could not say the Masses immediately but performed other good works for the departed priest. After a few days the dead man appeared to his confrère and reproached him thus: 'You faithless friend, why do you not keep the promise which you made to me?' Blessed Henry was greatly alarmed and apologized: 'Do not be angry with me my good friend, for I am prevented from saying the Masses. However, I have prayed much, fasted, and taken the discipline for your repose.' 'Yes,' replied the soul, 'but your prayers alone are not sufficient to release me. The Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, consecrated and offered up for me in Holy Mass, will be able to free me. Had you read those Masses which you promised, I should even now have been extricated from this fiery prison. That I am still burning I owe it to you.' Blessed Henry, frightened all the more, made arrangements with his superiors so as to be able to say the Masses immediately. After having offered the Holy Sacrifice with great fervor and devotion, as often as he had stipulated, he was privileged again by a vision in which he was given to understand that his friend had entered into the joy of the Lord. At the same time the happy soul promised to be the intercessor at God's throne for his liberator."

"This last thought which you often emphasize in your sermons, namely, that the poor souls are most grateful, always strikes home to me with peculiar force, Father."

"Yes, about twenty years ago the *The Sacred Heart Review* was quoted as authority for an incident which happened near Lourdes in southern France. A certain Francis owned and cultivated a farm in this district. His land, house, barn, fields, and meadows gave evidence of the prosperity and industry of the proprietor. Though he was well-to-do, yet he applied himself to his work from morning till night. But he always found time for his prayers and his visits to the church. During his religious exer-

cises he gladly and frequently thought of the poor souls. Many a rosary did he pray for them and many a Communion did he offer up in their behalf.

"One September day he went to a distant village to market. He had several fattened cattle for sale. He soon found willing buyers for his stock and received a flattering price. With cheer in his heart and money in his purse he set out for home.

"Two fellow villagers of Francis, who were less successful in their undertakings, begrudged their sturdy neighbor his prosperity. On their way home they discussed the matter and complained bitterly of their own hard lot. They asked each other why a man like Francis, who already had more than he needed, should carry home such an additional amount of money? They gave each other a knowing look. 'Let us lighten his burden somewhat,' remarked Thomas.

"Very well," replied Christopher, 'he will be rich enough and we shall be able to help ourselves out of our embarrassing circumstances.'

"Remember, however, that he has a brawny arm," hinted Thomas further, 'and suppose he begins to show his teeth.'

"Don't be a coward, we are two against one."

"But if he turned out to be to much of a match for us, would we go to the very extreme?"

"Christopher hesitated for a moment with his answer. Then he replied: 'I shouldn't like to be responsible for his death.'

"Would there be any other alternative in the event of a stubborn resistance?"

"Christopher again evaded the answer by referring once more to their own sorry plight: 'What have we at home anyway? What else than misery and want with no hope of relief from any quarter?'

"Whilst they wove their plans and walked on uphill and down, the night crept upon them so that they could scarcely distinguish the path before them. Suddenly they stood at a curve in the road that ran beneath a monstrous cliff. This seemed to them the very place for the materialization of their plans. 'Let us halt here,' suggested Christopher. There, then, the two lay in wait. 'Francis is a long time in coming,' said one, 'he is having a good time at the inn.'

"He is too gay, let us make his burden all the lighter for it," rejoined the other.

"After a long wait and deliberation they heard footsteps approaching. The two came forth from their hiding place but they speedily withdrew once more, for they saw the path lit up and Francis was not alone but surrounded by numerous companions.

"His friends are keeping him company part of the way," whispered Christopher. 'We must

rush ahead to yonder ravine where we shall meet him alone.'

"They hastened their steps to a long and narrow pass through which Francis would be forced to travel. Before they entered they made a careful survey. Nowhere was any light visible. Everything was wrapt in darkness. They advanced, and having entered the uncanny defile, they found a second hiding place.

"But wait, what is that? Another light! Again he is in the company of others. Ah, our plan is foiled again. We must find a third ambush. This can be discovered beyond the little village which we are now approaching. No doubt the companions of Francis are inhabitants of this village. Beyond this place he will certainly be alone.'

"A crossroad near a wall covered with ivy was the chosen spot. 'Now if he passes here, no time is to be lost. But listen, he is coming! Again in someone's company! Trembling with fear and fright, the robbers-to-be fell back. Thomas sank to his knees.

"Christopher exclaimed: 'Come, let us go and give up our evil design! Arise, let us go!'

"Thomas remained on his knees until Christopher lifted him to his feet. 'I shall go to our pastor,' Thomas finally replied. 'Come with me, we can thank God that we were checked in our intended crime.'

"They went to their pastor and related all to him. The latter doubted the truth of their assertion. But to get to the bottom of the affair, he paid a visit to Francis. The priest asked general questions regarding the market, the success of his business, and the happenings on the way home. Francis spoke of his happy sale and acknowledged that after having enjoyed the hospitality of friends he set out alone for home.

"All alone?" inquired the pastor.

"All alone."

"Did you stop nowhere?"

"Yes, when, I came to the Blessed Virgin Chapel it occurred to me that yesterday was the anniversary of the death of my father. Therefore I entered the chapel and recited the rosary for the poor souls in purgatory.'

"The priest then thought that these souls, for whom Francis had prayed, had been his attendants and protectors on this nightly journey. However, the pastor inquired further: 'Some of your friends accompanied you part of the way, did they not?'

"No, it was too late and I declined the company, for I know the way too well to need a guide or attendant.'

"Didn't you meet some one who went the same way?"

"No, not a single person.'

"The priest saw that his suspicions were verified; the poor souls had been grateful to their benefactor for the prayer he had offered for them; they had accompanied and guided him

and become his saviors out of the great danger that had threatened him. At the same time they were to the waylayers the occasion of a change of life."

## This Saying is Hard-Who can Bear it?

BURTON CONFREY

**A**MONG other treasures the Art Galleries at the University of Notre Dame contain an authenticated oil painting, Van Dyck's conception of the Crucifixion, in which the arms and trunk of the corpus hang in the shape of a Y. Nearby Guido Reni represents the same scene, but in it the arms and the trunk of the corpus form a T. In the latter Christ's outstretched arms signify that He died for all; in the former the suggestion was that He died not for all but for a few. The Van Dyck canvas records a historical fact, the heresy of Jansen, Van Dyck's early seventeenth century contemporary, who preached that we are not good enough to receive Holy Communion frequently.

Although Pope Pius X condemned this attitude, after three centuries we still have a survival of that heresy among those who oppose the practice of frequent Communion. That type of mind would also, no doubt, resent the thought of a layman presenting an exposition of how the Reverend John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., Prefect of Religion at the University of Notre Dame, meets students' objections to the daily reception of the Bread of Angels.

In order to be least offensive I shall present, as much as possible, material taken directly from the *Religious Bulletin*, posted daily (except Sunday) on the twelve Bulletin Boards on the Campus of the University but restricted in circulation because it freely caricatures students' foibles. While the *Religious Survey* is known internationally—in fact, it has even been translated into Italian—few people know the *Bulletin* as the motivating force behind the *Survey*, the means by which Father O'Hara answers students' objections, criticisms, and inquiries which appear on the questionnaires on which the *Survey* is based.

The *Survey* itself, which may be had for the asking, presents evidence of the fact that at the University devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is the center of the students' religious life. It records students' reactions to frequent and infrequent Communion, the fruits of Holy Communion—the habits, ideals, and attitudes which result from its frequent reception, and the environment and background on which the students' religious life is built.

While "joining the Catholic Church"—becoming a frequent Communicant—offers more

edifying discussion, in this article (which must be limited) in the hope of encouraging and stimulating others to greater zeal in winning souls for Christ, I shall confine myself to a presentation of how Father O'Hara meets objections to frequent Communion.

The chief objections recorded in the *Survey* (page 30) include inconvenience, fear of unworthiness, laziness, fear of confession, fear of disrespect, fear of indifference, "It lessens devotion," "I sin too much," and lack of appreciation. Those daily communicants who discontinued the practice offer these reasons: laziness, neglect, inconvenience, fear of unworthiness, sin, fear of confession, scrupulosity, lack of will power, "Novena ended," and "lost the grace." The remarks, which cover pages 31-35, were met through frank interviews and by means of answers listed on the *Religious Bulletin*. It is some of the latter that I shall present.

For the benefit of those readers who have not seen the *Religious Survey* or who are not familiar with the zeal with which Father O'Hara goes about his Father's business I summarize the history of frequent Communion at the University of Notre Dame. It began in 1911 when the students of Carroll Hall, members of the Eucharistic League, commenced receiving their Daily Bread. The practice spread rapidly on the Campus and so thoroughly that the last *Survey* reports 83% of the students represented receiving Holy Communion once a week or oftener. Statistics on Communion have been kept for six years. In 1919-1920 there were 98,000; in the following year, 119,000. In 1921-1922 the number increased to 146,000; the next year there were over 160,000. In the last year the *Survey* reports 193,190, an average of 785 a day and of 3.54 Communions a week on the part of each Campus student. In an editorial on the *Survey*, one Catholic paper speaks of Notre Dame as a city of the Blessed Sacrament.

To present the effect of the *Survey* abroad I quote a typical paragraph from an article which appeared in *Emmanuel*, April, 1925, "An Aid in the Eucharistic Apostolate," in which the author uses a quotation from the *Survey*, "Daily Communion has transformed me from a spineless jellyfish into a man."

What a change frequent Communion can make in a man's life! Any priest

having to deal with young men in matters spiritual would do well to procure a copy of the *Religious Survey*, published by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Few pages of Eucharistic reading will touch the average priest's heart more deeply than the answers sent unsigned by some hundreds of Notre Dame men in answer to the request, "Please state frankly your own experience with frequent Communion." One of the students wrote: "Frequent Communion is the greatest of character builders; it builds men—clean, upright, honest men." Another wrote: "Frequent Communion gives one the power to say 'No' when tempted." Yet another testimony (and what a world of praise in a few words): "Daily Communion keeps one in a state of grace." And a last testimony this touching avowal: "There may be all kinds—and there undoubtedly are—of preventives and remedies for sin in the world, but I do not think one of them can hold a candle to Holy Communion. When I think I am going to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion I surely do not feel like swearing or committing sin. Nothing makes me feel worse than to miss Holy Communion."

Some of those who had followed Christ until He pronounced, "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day," finding the doctrine hard and being strong in their own conceit, no longer followed Him. But they were not called back. He did not tell them that they had misunderstood Him. He let them go their way. The evidence I shall present will show a similar opportunity—with explanation—offered young men in the twentieth century. Of the fact that they need not lack the personal inspiration of Christ if they become daily Communicants they are frequently reminded.

#### THE STRANGER TO GOD

The student who fails to answer God's invitation to draw close to Him during life is preparing to spend eternity a stranger in God's House. Certainly no student is preparing to spend eternity anywhere else.

#### HOW WE THANK GOD

The Greek word "Eucharist" means thanksgiving. God has ordained the manner of our thanking Him. The feebleness of our thanks has infinite compensation when we ask Our Lord,

when we welcome Him into our hearts in Holy Communion, to thank His Heavenly Father in our name for all the good gifts He gives us.

#### WHAT VALUE DO YOU SET ON ONE HOLY COMMUNION?

You can tell by what causes you to miss a day. Some people prefer ten minutes more sleep in the morning; some prefer a cup of coffee; some can't overcome the inertia to climb the steps of Sorin Hall; others still prefer the state of sin to the state of grace. There is one consolation: death readjusts our sense of values.

An editorial in the *Commonweal* (August 19) criticizes the *Survey*, as typical of Catholic education, for seeking quantity not quality. There is nothing mature about the criticism, for students often make it. In one instance Father O'Hara answers a student:

Every once in a while some one offers the suggestion that it is the quality of daily communicants that counts, not the quantity. If this were only stupid it might pass; but it is uncharitable. No one would question the present daily communicants; and to question the quality of those who might go, or to accuse them to anything more serious than inertia, is going a bit too far. "Judge not, lest you be judged."

For a general approach to the matter of infrequency of Communion he prints *Bulletins* of this sort:

#### ON THE ROAD TO EMMAUS

Have you ever seen a picture of Christ and two of His disciples on the road to Emmaus? You will find the story in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke's gospel. Briefly it is this: After the Resurrection two of the disciples had left Jerusalem without having seen their risen Master. Sad and disappointed at the apparent frustration of all their hopes, they were trudging along the road to Emmaus when a stranger caught up with them. Without revealing His identity He asked them the cause of their low spirits and the subject of their discussion. He explained to them the prophecies concerning the Christ and chided them saying: "O foolish and slow of heart to believe. . . Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so enter into His glory?" Note the fact that their

disbelief had kept them from recognizing who the Stranger was.

#### BURNING HEARTS

When they came to the town they begged Him to remain with them. They went in and sat down to a table. During the meal the Stranger blessed bread, brake, and gave them to eat. Thereupon their eyes were opened, and He vanished from their sight. Then they upbraided themselves, saying: "Was not our heart burning within us, whilst He spoke to us in that way and opened to us the Scriptures?"

In this we have a perfect example of the effect of the Holy Eucharist in our hearts. True we may not feel any sensation, any exaltation, any deep fervor. Nor are these at all necessary. Consciousness that we earnestly desire to do the will of God is proof enough that the glow of divine fire is in our hearts.

#### LOITERING ON THE ROAD

We have many among us who are just skirting the fringes of the road to Emmaus, that is, to the fuller knowledge of the abiding effects of Holy Communion. They are not generous enough to set out bravely on the journey, enjoying Christ's presence with them every moment of the day. They keep saying they are good enough and forgetting this: "Let him that is holy be holier still." Others walk the road, secure in their own conceit until they stub their toe, that is, until sickness, misfortune, or sorrow comes upon them and then they cry out, "Lord, Lord!" not remembering that "Not everyone who sayeth, 'Lord, Lord!' shall enter the kingdom of heaven." Others still keep running on and off the road, imagining that they enjoy the road the better for having walked in the fields or, sad to say, in the ditches.

#### "O FOOLISH AND SLOW TO BELIEVE"

Concretely, all excuse themselves under various pleas. One is not good enough; another fears too great familiarity; human respect deters another; routine alarms another. So we could go on indefinitely. In a word, what all need is a livelier faith. "Lord, that I may see" is a good prayer under the circumstances. Then a serious examination to discover whether one is kept from Holy Com-

munion by pretext or temptation. In doubt, tell the confessor.

Even after everyone has had time to dwell on the preceding *Bulletin* doubters will remain. Father O'Hara may then offer this prayer for the edification of those who prefer to receive the Sacraments by proxy. It is an act of thanksgiving by Alice Meynell.

#### THE UNKNOWN GOD

One of the crowd went up  
And knelt before the Paten and the Cup,  
Received the Lord, returned in peace, and  
prayed  
Close to my side; then in my heart I said:

"O Christ, in this man's life—  
This stranger who is Thine—in all his strife,  
All his felicity, his good and ill,  
In the assaulted stronghold of his will,

"I do confess Thee here,  
Alive within this life; I know Thee near  
Within this lonely conscience, closed away  
Within this brother's solitary day.

"Christ in his unknown heart,  
His intellect unknown—this love, this art,  
This battle, and this peace, this destiny  
That I shall never know, look upon me!

"Christ in his humbled breath,  
Christ in his beating heart and in his death,  
Christ in his mystery! From that secret place  
And from that separate dwelling, give me  
grace."

#### THE FOUR HUNDRED

The 400 students who have chosen abstinence from daily Communion as a Lenten penance can give us some wonderful examples of other mortifications. Read the lives of the hermits of the desert and the story of the Penitentes of New Mexico.

#### A LITANY OF "IFS"

How many men have died from over exertion in "just" going to do something?"

"If I had time"  
"If I were well enough"  
"If I thought it would pay"  
"If I had a little help"  
"If I had some encouragement"  
"If my surroundings were congenial"  
"If I could get down to it"  
"If it were not so cold"  
"If it were not so hot"  
"If I only had a square deal"  
"If I could afford it"  
"If I was sure I could succeed"  
"If," . . . . . "If," . . . . . "If."

## THE TEMPTATION "If"

How many are kept from frequent and daily Communion by the thought, "I would go If only I could get rid of my temptations." That is asking for what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be. Temptation is not sin. Temptations are the first advances toward sin. Resisted, they become a source of merit. The devil does not need to tempt the unrepentant. They are already doing his work. It is only the earnest strivers that he endeavors to entangle in doubt first, and then it is only a step to give in.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST COUNSELS  
(Bk. I, Ch. 13)

"So long as we live in the world we cannot be without temptation and tribulation."

"Temptations are often very profitable to us though they be troublesome and grievous, for through them a man is humbled purified, and instructed."

"Often take counsel in temptation."

"First there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, then a strong imagination thereof, afterwards delight and evil motion, and then consent."

"We ought not therefore despair when we are tempted but so much the more fervently to pray unto God that He will vouchsafe to help us."

(To be continued)

St. Margaret Mary was pained when she had to leave the church, to go and fulfill some duty. It seemed to her that her heart was cut asunder or rent in twain when she was removed from that object of her love.

## A Raging Tempest

(Continued from page 302)

turkey dinner, Father Walsh said in a moved voice:

"See how God in His goodness turns even our faults and imperfections to our good. Poor Elsie's fit of temper brought about bitter sorrow for a time, it is true, but finally it resulted in Will's vocation and the conversion of his friend and it has taught Elsie herself to curb her temper and lead a far more devout and useful life than before. So we have endless cause for thanksgiving and we must always trust in the Sacred Heart and feel sure that whatever happens all will turn to the good of those that love God."

## Afternoons in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

THE churches of Rome may be compared to a string of precious pearls, varying in beauty and form. Two of the smaller ones, S. Prassede and S. Maria Sopra Minerva, glow with such brilliancy that the pilgrim returns to them again and again, never being satisfied that he has sufficiently admired them.

The church of S. Praxedes stands close to St. Mary Major and is entered by a side door, the front entrance being now closed. The high altar is supported by four columns of porphyry. In the confession beneath rest the bodies of the sister saints, Praxedes and Prudentiana. Their charity to the poor and their zeal in rescuing the bodies and the blood of the martyrs from desecration are bright pages in the annals of the early church.

In the right aisle of the chapel is the Orto del Paradiso, so called from its unusual splendor. The building and the upper part of the walls are entirely covered with mosaics on a gold ground. Women are never allowed to enter this shrine, except on Sundays in Lent, but through a grill they view the great relic contained in this chapel, the Sacred Pillar of the Flagellation at which our Saviour was scourged. It is only half of the original pillar, the other portion being in Jerusalem.

The chapel at the end of the left aisle is that of S. Carlo Borromeo, who was Cardinal of this church, and it contains the table at which he used to feed and wait upon twelve poor men daily. St. Charles often prayed and meditated before the Pillar of the Flagellation. In the sacristy is a fine painting of the flagellation by Romano.

The church of S. Maria Sopra Minerva is in the Piazza della Minerva, and is built of the ruins of a temple of Minerva. It is the only Gothic church of importance in Rome, and is in charge of the Dominican Fathers, and their head church in the Holy City. The exterior is unworthy of the beauty of the interior with its noble chapels, its beautiful sculptures, and noble frescoes. The church has a fine statue of our Blessed Lord of Michelangelo that is considered one of the great sculptor's most finished works.

The chief attraction for the pilgrims is the high altar beneath which rests the body of St. Catherine of Sienna. Golden lamps cast their soft rays over the marble sarcophagus. Little children gaze wide-eyed at it, while their mothers breathe forth the simple heartfelt prayers of the poor. Near the sacristy is the room of St. Catherine which contains some paintings by Perugino.

Another tomb of interest is that of Fra Angelico whose lovely paintings are considered rare gems of art. He painted none but sacred subjects and never took a pencil or brush without prayer. When painting a crucifixion tears would run down his cheeks, and his saintly life is surely reflected in his work. He was called

by Michelangelo to Rome to decorate the chapel at the Vatican and lived and died at S. Maria Sopra Minerva.

How glorious these churches are! How glorious the lives of the saints whose bodies are entombed in them and whose souls are enjoying happiness in the celestial mansions.

## The Inspiration of the Bible\*

DOM F. W. KNOWLES, O. S. B.

THE Editor of THE GRAIL has done well in asking for a popular article on the Bible. The Bible though a difficult book is a popular book in that it is God's book to His people (populus). According to St. Augustine it is God's letter to us men. Now the chief characteristic of the Bible is its inspiration. The fact that it is inspired, and as such is received by the Catholic Church, distinguishes it from every other book. There are many other books full of useful spiritual teaching, but only of this one book can we say with the certainty of Faith that, "Being written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they (that is all its parts) have God for their author and as such have been delivered to the Church."

It may seem bold to assert that of all who glory in the name of Christian, no one honours the Bible so much as the Catholic. The Catholic alone believes without any doubt that God is the author of the Sacred Scriptures and he believes this as part of his Catholic Faith; he holds it as firmly as he holds that Christ is present in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar; for him to doubt this truth would be to make shipwreck of his Faith; the infallible Church guarantees for him that God is the author. This, then, is to honour Scripture in a unique way above every other book. If individual Catholics do not go on to esteem in a practical way this book by reading it, the more is the pity. It was written to be read, it is addressed to us, it is God's letter to us men.

Now since we believe it to be divinely inspired, let us try to understand what inspira-

tion is. You may be asked by a non-Catholic friend what do you mean when you say that the Bible is inspired? In what sense is God the Author? In any case, as intelligent Catholics we should like to know clearly what that inspiration is which we attribute to this one book alone. Sometimes one hears such expressions as, "I felt inspired to help that poor family"; the meaning is, I felt moved by a natural movement of pity, or by a supernatural movement of grace, or by both together; or again, "That newspaper article was inspired," meaning, it was suggested to the writer by someone else. But inspiration, in the sense of Sacred Scripture, is beyond all these meanings, it is not a mere natural impulse to write a good book, nor is it a mere supernatural grace making a natural impulse meritorious, nor is it a mere suggestion, none of these would suffice to make God the "author." It must be a divine impulse to write, such that God can be truly called the author of what is written. Now what do we require for authorship? The author must conceive the plan of the book, must will to write it; in the execution of the work he must use his intellect; assisted by imagination, memory etc., he must use his will also, served by the other powers required in writing. All the human authors of Sacred Scripture use these their native powers, and therefore they are correctly called authors. Hence comes the variety of style between one book of Sacred Scripture and another, but these human authors in the very act of using their powers were being used by God as His instruments. Let us take an example from everyday life:—We use a pen to write a word, similarly God used a man to compose a book; we may choose a fine or a broad pen, so He chose an elegant writer like Isaiah or a man of simple speech like Amos; a poet like David or an historian like St. Luke. God did not take away the individuality of the man of His choice, but He used the human instrument as He found it, or more correctly as He had made it.

We may perhaps put the above matter in a concrete form thus: God wished to give us in writing such an account of the life of Jesus Christ as would help us to believe that Jesus

\* NOTE:—This is the first of a series of popular articles on the Sacred Scriptures—commonly called the Bible—that will appear in THE GRAIL. Each article, which will be within the grasp of the ordinary reader, will, we trust, prove a source of enlightenment and spiritual benefit to all. The author says that it would be helpful to him if some of our readers would write to let him know how the articles appeal to them. This would stimulate interest and help him in the accomplishment of his purpose. Letters may be addressed to the author, Rev. Dom F. W. Knowles, O. S. B., St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, D. C.—EDITOR.

is the Son of God; He had prepared for this purpose St. John, by nationality a Jew, by mental qualities a theologian; the preparation had taken a long time; at an early age St. John is brought into the society of Christ; he lives three years with Him, watching him and listening to Him; he stands near His cross and sees Him die; he runs to the sepulchre on the first Easter Sunday; he sees Him frequently during forty more days; he is one of the men of Galilee who stand looking up at the Ascension of Christ into heaven; having received the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, he labours during a long life as a Catholic Bishop, watching the marvelous growth of the Church and noting with sorrow and anger the rise of heretics who deny the divinity of Christ.

The instrument is prepared; now God takes it up to execute His purpose. St. John feels an impulse to write a book concerning the Master whom he knew so intimately and has preached so faithfully—a book that will convince men that his Master was not a mere man but God-made man; equal to the Father and by nature His Son. A thousand incidents of the well-known life crowd in on his memory; God enlightens his judgment; he sees what events are to be selected for the purpose in view and

how they are to be expressed. He is now ready, takes up his pen, the divine impulse bears gently but steadily and effectively upon all his powers and he writes: "In the beginning was the Word," etc. The impulse continues until he writes the concluding words of the Gospel. From this divine impulse flows all that is in that book which we call the Holy Gospel according to St. John.

God in carrying out His designs chooses to use instruments; He does not need them; but he usually employs them. We use a pen to communicate with an absent friend; he uses the sacred authors of Scripture to communicate certain truths to us; as every word of a letter comes from the writer; on the other hand, every word comes from God just as every word of the letter comes from my friend.

So much for the idea of Inspiration, now for a practical conclusion. It is God that speaks, it matters little whether he speaks through Moses or Isaias or St. John.

The dignity power and sweetness of Sacred Scripture comes from this one fact that it is He that speaks; the profitable reading of Scripture comes from realizing this and saying with holy Samuel: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

## Love Overcometh

JOHN M. COONEY

THE straggling road at the feet of the two professionally garbed men rambled its solitary way between scraggy fence-rows. The desolate landscape held no other living objects in all its drab expanse. At their backs was an iron gate, hung in the granite wall of a shadowy enclosure. Opposite, rose up another somber grove, half hiding a silent, strangely impressive mansion. The overgrown walk leading up from the weed-choked gateway was obstructed by a fallen tree. The shutter hanging askew emphasized the desolation. Rabbits made burrows in the matted grass, and down the walk at the moment strutted a crow, secure and unafraid in the accustomed solitude. It was at this crumbling house and its decaying grounds that Father Edward and Doctor Sloane were gazing.

"You say you know but half the story?" queried the young doctor.

"I know as much as anyone knows," replied the priest slowly. "And still," looking thoughtfully at the ground, "it does seem to be but half the tale. They came here from the far South, the gentleman and his daughter, and they brought their colored servants with them. The daughter was a mere child. There was no mother. Curiosity concerning them was wide-

spread, of course, and there were inquiries, impertinent or sly, but all inquiry was fruitless; no remotest reference was ever made to such a person by father or daughter or servant in the house. Why they came, no one knew, nor what their interest or occupation, for they did not farm and they did not trade. None could say how they had sought out this old house. They came quietly, they lived unobtrusively. Not that they kept but shabby state nor that they discouraged visitors. Indeed their hospitality though old-fashioned was very gracious. But no visit did they ever return. One thing only was evident to all, the man loved his little daughter dotingly."

"A priest, Doctor," resumed Father Edward after a moment, "may have a loving heart. But see: a priest loves so many; he should love all. This man gave his whole love to one."

After a pause: "And that one was his own child. You do not understand that love yet, Doctor, as you have no child; remember that; and I shall fully comprehend it never;—never in this world. But he,"—and here he gazed again at the forsaken house,—"he loved this child with *all* his heart. Impatient word to her,

they say, never passed his lips. His eyes followed her footsteps as she played.

"I have seen them on warm spring mornings fishing together by the brookside, among the willows yonder below the house; and in the summer, now here now there in the woods, berrying or picnicking. They gathered nuts and crimson leaves in the autumn. Once as they played at coasting yonder in the snow, they were in such spirits that they hailed me as I passed. And on a Christmas evening as I made my way by, I saw the house ablaze with lights, and I could hear music and merriment. That fence in all its length about the lawn was lined with sleighs which had brought the young folk. Eight years later when I returned from St. Jerome's I saw *this*, behind us."

The doctor turned himself slowly around and for the first time noticed the granite wall, the ornamental gateway and, partly veiled by the half-denuded branches, a grey, stately mausoleum. It occupied the very center of the enclosure. The solemn pile fascinated him, and for many moments he viewed it silently; then, turning his head, he murmured:

"The child died?"

"Yes," the priest replied.

After a time the young doctor arose in silence and, approaching the gate, gazed absorbedly at the solitary mausoleum, sober and solemn in the shadows, which were now deepening with the dusk and with the heavier clouds obscuring the west. When, after a time, he resumed his seat, he asked:

"What became of the father?"

"The poor man took it ill," returned the priest, shaking his head perplexedly. "He rebelled, and blasphemed God. This burial place behind us is a part of his madness."

"In what way?"

"He swore that not even God should take the child from him. That is why he set this place apart for her. From his porch he watched it day after day. Many a time I saw him there, sitting and watching."

After a pause the priest resumed: "The neighbors hereabout are not religious, Doctor;—one may observe the rural churches abandoned and falling into decay. But they shrank from this blasphemer, and instinctively shunned him. Little Cicely's governess first, and then his colored cook left him, they say, in fear."

Misfortunes, to which he was utterly indifferent, ruined his finances, and what has become of him no one knows. There are whispered tales of a fate all evil. Foolishly, even the house is said to be haunted; and, when the screech owl cries in the cemetery and the trees groan without apparent cause, many fear to pass here in the dark. And even by day,—look

up and down the way yourself;—do you wonder they call it now the 'lonely road'?"

"Father Edward," said the doctor after many moments of silence, you know my skepticism of such things as mysteries, but to me *natural instincts* are facts; natural instincts cannot be false; and these neighbors' instinct of aversion from this fellow's monstrous selfishness seems to me to be quite right. If I believed in a hell, as you do, I should judge that man is in hell. If he isn't—"

Father Edward poked his stick nervously into the sand of the roadside for a few moments, and then he turned and, in a humble and hesitating tone, inquired:

"Have you known anyone who loved so strongly and so tenderly and so faithfully? In my life I believe I never have."

Then he added, as if to himself, so that Doctor Sloane scarcely caught the words:

"*Love covereth a multitude.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

The rain which, silent and mistlike, had stolen upon them, was now a drizzle, and they hurriedly sought shelter on the mansion porch; but, the storm following them even here, they tried the door, and to their surprise and pleasure were able to push it open.

Inside was a long central hall, wide and high, the farther end hidden in darkness. On the left, past the first door, was the foot of a handsome stairway which turned at a landing and ascended thence along the right wall. In this, two doors were visible, and probably another was hidden in the farther darkness. The nearer door stood open, and through it could be faintly discerned the dim and musty furnishings of a gloom-filled room. Seated upon a lower step, they were gazing curiously into this forbidding chamber when a faint, hurried sound as of muffled footsteps caused them to look upward in the greatest surprise. The doctor turned questioningly to the priest.

"I hear it," whispered Father Edward. "It is someone walking with bare feet." Then; "it seems we are intruders. Better knock upon the door, Doctor, so that we may excuse ourselves before leaving."

The young doctor rapped, the sound reverberating loudly through every room and hall and nook of the lonely house; but, instead of an answer, deathlike silence fell. Wondering, they waited.

"Perhaps you had better rap again," suggested the priest, as he glanced expectantly up the stairway. But, before the doctor was again upon his feet, he felt Father Edward clutch his arm, and heard him whisper:

"What do you see there, just above the landing?"

Vague, ashen, formless, and sizeless it was, and silent,—but moving. Had there been no motion,—but there, it was gone. And with its going footsteps again, swift, soft, fading away distantly. And again silence.

"What do you make of that, Doctor," whispered the priest quickly.

"I cannot make anything of it. I saw it; that is all I can say."

The wind soughed louder in the trees; the rain roared upon the roof. The two men shivered, damp and chilly. Some wild thing seeking shelter from the sudden gust sat unexpectedly in the doorway, to vanish but a moment later at the return of those stealthy footsteps, now unquestionably on the first floor. At one word from the other, either would have swiftly fled. The sinister footsteps were rapid now, and came to a pause very near to them. Then, to their stupefaction, both saw, in the open doorway of the room across, the same vague, ashen Thing they had observed above the landing, not sizeless now and not formless, but looking as might a pallid countenance surrounded with a shaggy and unkempt head and beard of white. The priest's hand sought his companion's arm, the young doctor's clutched Father Edward's knee. Now, indeed, they might have fled precipitately, they might have boldly challenged the apparition, had not the creature addressed them.

"Gentlemen,"—the tone was exceedingly soft and courteous,—*"I beg your pardon for not receiving you sooner. The truth is, I did not expect visitors. Be good enough to step into the parlor, and I will find you chairs."*

With that, the ghostly figure seemed to melt back again into the darkness.

"Let us go now," whispered the priest.

"Yes," assented the doctor. Then:

"Let us see this thing through."

"Very well," assented Father Edward, as he stood up.

A wavering, leaping light now suddenly overspread the forbidding chamber, bringing quickly into fantastic relief the uncertain, somber furnishings. Their mysterious host was returning. The candle in his hand illuminated wild, bushy grey hair and beard; swarthy, sunken cheeks; livid lips; deep-set, piercing eyes; a skeleton frame beneath a foul dressing gown. He motioned, and they followed him silently into the room, and were seated.

"Now, why have you come?" he asked in a changed tone of surprising suspicion and menace.

"The rain drove us in," replied Father Edward; "we thought the house vacant."

"Damnation!" roared their host, springing up. "Damnation upon—"

He suddenly stammered, stuttered, was stricken silent; he stood rigid, his clenched fists held menacingly above his visitors' heads. Moments passed; then slowly he returned to his seat, and presently remarked with the utmost composure and simplicity:

"I don't like vacant houses."

"I should not have mentioned anything unpleasant to you," returned Father Edward in a conciliatory tone, while the doctor looked on, wide-eyed and intent.

"No; you should not," now dogmatized the grotesque figure; and with a look of intense earnestness and an impressive shaking of his finger, added:

"Gentlemen, never once, I thank God, never once that I know of, did I ever mention an unpleasant thing to *her*."

Settling back in his chair, he folded his hands, slightly bowed his head, and seemed unconscious of their presence. Arousing himself then, he began quietly:

"I must not deceive you; I must be truthful. A moment ago I said I thanked God. Did you believe me? Listen, now."

With sudden swiftiness he arose, his spare frame vibrating with passion.

"Listen, now," he repeated. Then slowly and deliberately he began, with clenched fists and swelling veins and a voice hoarse with intensity of emotion:

"Have I thanked God?—No. Do I thank God now?—No! Will I ever thank God?—NEVER! Never, never, n—r."

His voice trailed away. The veins in his neck and temples subsided. He smiled at the two vacantly, and in a perplexed, baffled manner, hesitantly resumed his seat. The strange metamorphosis was a second time complete.

"Never, never, never," he said with quiet resignation, even with amused pleasure, "can I finish saying that."

Father Edward attempted to speak, but he held up his fallow, bony hand.

"There is every reason for hospitality, gentlemen,"—he spoke now with courtesy, even animation. "More often than not it is the host that is under obligation,—for the flattery and pleasure of a friend's visit, sometimes more so for a stranger's visit. And because I feel under obligation to you for the pleasure of this unusual call, I have decided to tell you something entertaining. You will pardon it in me that it is rather personal."

He looked at them for several moments with the spontaneous smile of a boy. Then he confided:

"I have a child in my mouth."

He nodded delightedly at their evident mystification, and went on:

"She will not allow me to say certain things, things I wish to say very much. Of course, it is better that she does not because I am crazy. Now, you would not have thought me insane, would you?"

Father Edward hastened to assure him, No.

"Liar," the maniac coolly retorted. "Why do you clergymen lie? *He* came here in his black coat and told me that God had taken her, my angel, my darling, my flower, my heart and soul, and that she was happy,—the liar! She is not happy without me. That is why I came back. Those fools could not keep me locked up. Bah! Preachers! I hate the sight of you!"

A look of aversion, nay, disgust now drove all other fleeting reflections of a madman's moods from the pitifully ravaged countenance, and he turned his face from them wearily, and blew out the candle. An ominous silence in the Stygian blackness of the room followed this strange procedure. The madman's breathing was heard as he passed, or paused, behind them. A strange cry of agony at the front door was lost in a sudden thunder-peal. Had the maniac gone, or was he standing there above them, ready to strike? A sudden crackling, and light! The practically-minded doctor had struck a match. He looked quickly about the room, his drawn countenance showing more loathing than fear. When his eyes met those of his companion, both men were openly astonished, astonished at each other's countenance; Father Edward at the haggard, half-sick face of the doctor, and Doctor Sloane at the incongruously happy countenance of the priest.

"This is horrible!" cried the doctor, hoarsely.

"I think it beautiful," returned the priest. The match went out, but not before its dying flame had lighted up for the doctor the ridiculously happy and placid expression on the priest's face.

"Are you going crazy, too?" now demanded the doctor in irritation and alarm. And, seizing his friend by the arm, he drew him roughly to the doorway, as he muttered firmly: "That's all you'll see of this house tonight, even if the rain soaks you to the skin."

For all that, the doctor paused in the doorway, for the downpour was now a veritable deluge. In an exaggerated, professional tone which somehow did not ring quite true, he declared:

"It is an absolute shame to allow that madman to go unconfined. Our plain duty is to report this to the authorities, and have the dangerous maniac locked up. Besides, see what he suffers,—filth, hunger and cold, to say nothing of the nervous reaction from his rages. He cannot live long at this rate."

"No, he will not live long, Doctor. I saw death in his eyes tonight. It is a beautiful ending."

The young doctor looked swiftly at his friend in real alarm. The placid face so far as he could see wore an expression of positive happiness, the blue eyes turned dreamily toward the dripping cemetery.

Thought the doctor: "This unusual experience, taken with the drenching and chill, has been too much for him. I'll not lose patience with him any more."

Then aloud: "Tell me in what way this thing is beautiful."

"It may be difficult for you to understand, Doctor; certain theologians even may not agree with my view."

"'Damnation,' I feel like saying with the maniac. What have theologians to say about the beauty of lunacy?"

"You recall, Doctor, 'Love overcometh all things'?"

"Often I was told so in my Sunday School days."

"In this sad, strange, beautiful thing, Love, I believe, has overcome all things."

The young doctor waited; the priest resumed:

"Never have I known love like that of this poor fellow for his daughter; and may we not suspect the child loved him well also? In her innocent little heart she no doubt loved the Father in Heaven; and the Father surely loved the two as His children. The claims of love, you see, surpassed the claims of justice."

"And the blasphemer escaped?"

"You see yourself that he did not escape. He has been stricken with insanity. But what blessed insanity! He can no longer blaspheme. He cannot lose his little girl. She is the 'child in his mouth'."

"Do you think all this Providential?"

"Do you think it accidental?"

The doctor did not reply because, with the passing of the shower, the thinning clouds sifted down sufficient light from the moon to bring into view the dark trees on the lawn and even those in the cemetery. As they stepped down from the porch the doctor spoke:

"Shall we leave him here tonight?"

Father Edward, hastening down the wet, grassy walk, made no response. He stopped at the gate, with his hands spread out upon it, and looked steadily, it appeared, at the gateway opposite.

"I say, are you going to leave this lunatic here?"

For answer, Father Edward, with his left hand, drew the doctor nearer, and with his right pointed across the road. The doctor saw, and hurried over.

When Father Edward came up, the doctor said:

"He is dead. This time he could not open the gate."

## In Exitu

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

OF all that serves to give pleasure to man, memory is by far the most faithful and efficient; it is indeed the "happy faculty." At first thought this may seem false, for memory is the storehouse wherein are left impressions of man's entire life, a life which always includes with its joys a multitude of sorrows. True enough, but it is just there that memory serves us best; for it has a blessed way of keeping sorrow and grief and pain, yet without the bitterness that once they had; the darkness of anguish is forgotten in the warm glow of cherished love and happy days gone by; suffering and desolation that once we bore is replaced by the sweet remembrance that through it all God was close by. So Lent is forgotten in the joy of Easter; years of toil do but sweeten jubilee.

For each one of us, no doubt, there are somewhat different means of keeping memory fresh. To me, if you would know, it is music once heard and enjoyed that brings back in all their joyous reality times and places and friends of years ago. And if there is any music that for me delights the present with a freshening of the past, it is the songs of Mother Church in her official chant; for as I heard them year by year marking anniversaries of Christ, His Mother, and the Saints, I am carried back to days, great days of youth, when the hand of God was over me; dream days when there were about me true friends, fatherly guides, and the romance of my vocation.

Have you ever heard the "tonus peregrinus," that exquisite psalm-tone which fits so well the "Miserere" for the dead and the "In exitu Israel de Aegypto?" Listening to that heavenly wail of exile, I am carried back fifteen years to my first year at the cloister seminary, to the day when I witnessed my first monastic funeral.

A brother had died and they were bearing him down hill to the cemetery. It was an autumn day. The trees and flowers and grass were fading to their death as on the shoulders of his brethren this one was being carried to his rest. We students walked in front. Stretched behind us came the long, black line of hooded monks, a candle in one hand, in the other a book from which they chanted ever and anon a verse of the "Miserere." The moving cadence of that dirge floated to us through the dying trees from a distance that was as the distance from purgatory's exile to heaven's gates.

Though I knew not then, as I know now, the depth of penitence and supplication in those inspired words; the music and the poetry of it all yet filled my heart. It was for that dead brother and for those yet alive their song of exile. All of them indeed had gone out with Israel, God's chosen ones, from Egypt's sin and darksome ways. They, alive, had found the pillar of clouds; he, dead, the pillar of light. And as they sang their song of exile, it seemed that it was more of sorrow and great desire and entreaty on their part, and still of deep assurance that as he had reached the toilsome end, they too would one day follow. Deep in my heart I felt, without knowing, the full force of the words inscribed at the entrance of a certain monastery: "It is hard to live here, but sweet to die"; and I think it was then that the loving shaft of God's special call made its first deep wound in my heart. I wished then that to me too it would be given thus to die and be brought with loving hands to the restful end of earthly exile.

The years have passed and full many a time now I have helped chant my brethren to their rest. And as we take that mournful way and sing the selfsame prayer of mercy in tone of exile, there ever remains with all my sorrow at this last farewell, the joy and hope once felt so long ago that thus I too shall be taken to my grave.

## Self-Control

The power of self-control means to do on all occasions the right thing because it is right. Keeping back the harsh word, uttering the tender one, when every impulse of our nature tends to force us to do otherwise, is indeed hard, but it can be done. Who does not admire the self-restraint of people sorely tried through inattention and stupidity of employees, or the mischievous pranks or carelessness of children, and what a splendid lesson to the young such example is.

Self-control in diet means health and strength; in expenditures it means honesty and peace of mind; in sickness it is sometimes so important a factor that it is reckoned by one's friends as adding much to the chances of recovery.

Self-control, like so many other things, is a question of habit, and habits must be formed in youth. Train children to such habits of self-control and self-government that they will grow up to be not only a satisfaction to themselves and their parents—but efficient factors in the world's affairs.—The Messenger of the Homeless Orphan.

## Notes of General Interest

### FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—A billion candle power makes the new lighthouse near Dijon, France, one of the most powerful in the world. It is not for ships of the sea but for ships of the air. Seven lighthouses along the aerial highway from Paris to London show that transportation by airplane is becoming a matter of course in Europe.

—Did life upon earth spring into being under the stimulus of radio activity? The theory is advanced by Paul Becquerel that one time our earth was lifeless, that life may have come from another planet through radio rays. The theory will go the way of discard like so many others. The striking thing in the presentment of the theory, however, is how the author summarizes and refutes other similar theories. During the eighteenth century the generation of the infusoria, i. e., the minute plant and animal forms, and during the nineteenth, the changes due to fermentation, seemed to show that life could spring into existence from lifeless matter by spontaneous generation. Then it was that the experiments of the great Catholic scientist Pasteur disproved spontaneous generation. He showed that whenever life appeared in a sterile medium, some cellular germ must have brought it from without. Or to put it in a popular way, take a piece of meat that has no living germ in it, and no spoilage will occur. This is practiced in the canning of meats and vegetables. Let living germs be in the meat and spoilage will appear. Spoilage is due to a multiplication of germs, to a form of life.—Another theory of the past was that living germs were carried to this earth by meteors. Becquerel shows that this was impossible since no meteor of modern times has ever shown a trace of life. He also states that the ultra-violet rays of the interstellar low temperatures kills germ life.

—The Government standard for sauerkraut: "Sauerkraut is the clean, sound product, of characteristic acid flavor, obtained by the full fermentation, chiefly lactic, of properly prepared and shredded cabbage, in the presence of not less than two per cent, nor more than three per cent, of salt. It contains, upon completion of the fermentation not less than one and one-half per cent of acid, expressed as lactic acid. Sauerkraut which has been rebrined in the process of canning or repacking contains not less than one per cent of acid, expressed as lactic acid."

—The success of the super-power broadcasting stations last summer in penetrating static and preventing fading, indicates the ultimate solution for dependable broadcasting.

—The Loganberry is held by its originator, Judge Logan, to be a hybrid of the raspberry and the blackberry. The surprising fact in the crossing is that for forty years it has always remained the same, never reverting to the original berries, but keeping its own identity.

—Filling stations in the sky! One speeding airplane has transferred gasoline to another speeding airplane,

and incidentally served hot meals to the crew. The supply plane flies above the receiving plane and transfers the gasoline through a long tube. The advantages to be gained are for refueling planes making long flights.

—The growth of a plant depends partly upon the food and water derived from the soil, and partly upon the carbon which it can extract through its leaves from the atmosphere. Lately it has been suspected that the fruit yield is dependent directly upon the suitable balance between these factors. Too much wood from the soil food means too little fruit from the air food. A German botanist, Dr. Hoefker, summarizes this view in the following words: "The ratio between the production of flowers and fruits, and that of wood and leaves, is directly proportional to the ratio between air food and soil food." Practical gardeners have often applied this without knowing the law. If a fruit tree develops too much wood, they would limit the soil food by cutting the roots, by putting a wire ring around the unfruitful boughs, or by removing narrow strips of bark. To increase the air food, i. e., the carbon dioxide, it is suggested that a thick layer of weeds, manure, etc., be placed at the base of the tree and lightly hoed under the surface. The carbon dioxide, produced by the decay, rises into the air and reaches the leaves.

—The Navy Research Laboratory announces the discovery of a radio-reflecting roof encircling the world.

—A thorough study of automobile accidents at railroad crossings shows that the high speed of the autoist is the chief cause of the accidents.

—The great skin game for the American people is the fur masquerade, muskrats, rabbits, and weasels parade themselves as seals, beavers, and ermines. Few products lend themselves so readily to imitation as do furs. The one infallible test lies with the microscope. Each individual hair has a shape and structure that reveal to which animal it belongs. Most skunk furs,—the genuine being very valuable,—are from the rabbit.

—Can a woman drive a car as well as a man? The American Automobile Association announces that actual tests under scientific observation prove that women were as competent as men.

—In his "The Case against Evolution," George Barry O'Toole writes: "Evolution or transformism, as it is more properly called, may be defined as the theory which regards the present species of plants and animals as modified descendants of earlier forms of life." He speaks of the situation among Catholic writers as follows: "A resistance to the theory of evolution is deprecated by Father Wasmann and Canon Dordolot. The contrary attitude is adopted by Mr. Alfred McCann, whose 'God—or Gorilla' is bitterly antagonistic not only to Darwinism but to any form whatever of the theory of Transformism." The author then expresses his own opinion. "On the whole the safest attitude towards evolution is the agnostic one." (Foreword, Pages 3, 31.)

In the popular mind, evolution is so often falsely confounded with the claim that man descended from a monkey, that, in justice to Father Wasmann, S. J., his own opinion regarding the evolution of man's body is given here: "It is befitting the dignity of science to state that it knows nothing as to the origin of man." (Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution, third German edition, p. 489.)

#### "APPLIED" SCIENCE

- It will soon be the survival of the fleetest.
- Human rights too often overlap.
- If age adds to value, how about the old virtues?
- Is a scientist a person who finds part of an ancient thigh bone and tells how long and how old the jaw bone was?
- Auto-suggestion ought to prolong life,—if you get out of the way of the auto.
- The movies are like to a class room in training some people to read aloud.
- One way to keep a burglar from night work is to present him with a three tube set.
- A new name for laziness is voluntary inertia.
- A model for perseverance:—the attempt of the auto to drive the train from the track.
- Radio is still in its infancy—which accounts for its bad behavior in company.
- Experience is what you get in looking for something else.
- The young student takes more interest in percentage, if he has to figure batting averages.
- Traffic accidents show that the American people do not believe in signs.
- The *why* of work is the reason. We praise the bee but swat the mosquito.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

- For impersonating a priest while he was soliciting money, Walter Norris was sentenced to the workhouse for three months in New York.
- The final celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the University of Dayton, Ohio, which is conducted by the Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Mary, was held on October 17th. Archbishop McNichols, of Cincinnati, officiated at Pontifical High Mass. In the afternoon the new stadium was dedicated.
- Max Pam, a generous Jew, noted as a lawyer and an organizer, who founded the school of journalism at Notre Dame University, died on September 14th of heart trouble after an illness of two months.
- In an effort to evolve eventually from a weekly to a daily, the enterprising *Denver Catholic Register* now comes out twice a week. On Tuesday *The Register* appears, and *The Denver Catholic Register*, on Thursday.
- The newly appointed Archbishop of Quebec, Most Rev. Paul Eugene Roy, is one of a family of twenty-

four children. He has four brothers who are priests and three sisters who are religious.

—Another remarkable family is that of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Bauer, of Manchester, Michigan, who have fourteen children. Of these four boys are members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and four girls are Sisters of Mercy. Three more of those at home are planning to become religious while a fourth has made no decision as yet.

—On August 10th Rev. Adrian J. Kilker, who is twenty-four years of age, had the unique experience of officiating, in Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania, at the silver wedding of his parents and repeating the marriage ceremony that had united them in matrimony a quarter of a century ago. Father Kilker is said to be the first priest so privileged in the history of the Church in America.

—St. Clement parish, Cincinnati, which was organized by the Franciscans in 1850, observed its diamond jubilee in September with a mission and Forty Hours Devotion. St. Clement's has given to religion 119 of its children. Of forty boys fifteen are priests, four others are on the threshold of the priesthood, eight are Franciscan clerics, nine are in the Preparatory Seminary, while four became brothers. Seventy-nine girls of the parish have entered religion.

—Mrs. Eliza Williams, a highly respected and devout colored woman, who died at the age of 83 at Pylesville, Maryland, recently, had six white men as pallbearers.

—The three-hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Jesuits to Quebec was celebrated with elaborate ceremonies on June 22, 23, and 24.

—Very Rev. Sylvester Espelage, O. F. M., a Franciscan of the Province of St. John the Baptist, has been appointed Prefect Apostolic of Wuchang, China. Father Sylvester was born at Cincinnati, March 24, 1877. In the same city he entered the Franciscan Order on August 15, 1892. He was ordained on January 18, 1900. Five years later he departed for the missions in China.

—Mrs. Mary Dunne, who died the last week in September at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, was the mother of six priests, of whom one preceded her into eternity. Four of her priestly sons assisted at the Pontifical Requiem that was celebrated at the funeral by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Thorman, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

—The Paulist radio station, WLWL, in New York, is said to be the best sending plant that can be built today. It is one of the twenty stations in this country that can use 5,000 watts, and will broadcast on a wave length of 288.3 meters. At the opening of this station on the evening of September 24th Cardinal Hayes delivered the first message to the expectant millions throughout the land. This address was followed by musical selections by the Paulist Choristers, and by a number of celebrities of the opera. Beginning September 27th, station WLWL opened a regular program that will continue on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday

evenings at 8 p. m. Thus, another of the great gifts of science becomes the handmaid of religion. Cardinal Hayes sees in the radio, as a counter attraction, a possibility of keeping the family more together in the evening. The movies, the automobile, and other distractions have in late years done much to destroy family life. The individual family has become a family of individuals.

—The annual meeting of the Hierarchy was held at Washington in mid-September.

### EUCCHARISTIC

—The Holy Father has assigned as subject for discussion and study at the meetings of the Chicago International Eucharistic Congress "the Eucharist and the Christian Family."

—A man who evidently appreciates the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in no small degree was the late James Albert O'Neill, who died recently at the age of 84 in Cardiff, says a news note from London. Although business interests necessitated his traveling in Canada, Russia, Norway, Sweden, France, and Italy, Mr. O'Neill attended Mass daily for fifty years.

—Attending Mass under circumstances that are surely novel for Europeans was the lot of a pilgrimage from the British Isles to Rome. A pile of trunks in a railway station at Turin, Italy, served as the altar. The celebrant was no less a personage than the Rt. Rev. Abbot MacDonald, O. S. B., of Fort Augustus Abbey in Scotland. A year ago His Lordship spent some weeks in the United States while establishing St. Anselm's Benedictine Priory at Washington.

## Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

AMERICA:—Frederick Pustet Company have recently issued three new books by Monsignor Lanslots, O. S. B. "The Three Divine Virtues" is a dogmatic treatise on Faith, Hope and Charity, suitable to all. These virtues have the noblest object, as they refer directly to God. They are therefore most in keeping with the noblest aspirations of man. They constitute for us here below the greatest treasure, which must be zealously guarded against all possible despoilers. A better knowledge will produce a more correct appreciation of their value. The book is 12°, 225 pages, cloth binding and is priced at \$1.50.—A book that will prevent unnecessary alarm is "The End of the World and of Man." (12°, 175 pp. \$1.50). Dire calamities, political upheavals, physical convulsions, have at various times inspired leaders of men, good and indifferent, with fear of the approaching end of the world. They claimed that existing conditions clearly pointed out the nearness of the last day. We have heard similar fears expressed by a number of our fellow citizens but a year since. All of them were mistaken. This book gives an explanation of the prophetic signs of the end of the world and of man given by competent authorities. The little volume should appeal to Catholics and Non-Catholics.—"What Must I Believe? or The Creed" (8°, 69 pp. paper cover, .25¢) is a

free translation of one of the short treatises of St. Thomas, the Angelic Doctor. In it the chief tenets of our faith are attractively explained and all contrary objections conclusively refuted. In it the Catholic will find the answer to all old and newly rehashed objections to his faith.

An interesting and scholarly translation is given us by Dom J. B. McLaughlin of St. Athanasius's "St. Anthony the Hermit" (Benziger, 1924, 122 pp. \$1.00). The original Greek text is that found in Migne's *Patrology*.

GERMANY:—An important study, bringing new light on the origin of the *Apothegmata*, memorable sentences of the early monks of Egypt is the work: "Apothegmata, Studien zur Geschichte des ältesten Mönchtums," by Wilhelm Bousset, (340 pp. Mohr, Tübingen, 1923). Compiled between 460 A. D. and 500 A. D., these sentences were very popular among the anchorites of Scete. Mr. Bousset died before entirely completing his work. Twenty-eight synoptical tableaux had been written. This study of great utility was published through the scholarship of the Krüger Brothers, Herman and George.

The publication "Die Betende Kirche—Ein liturgisches Volksbuch," (herausgegeben von der Abtei Maria Laach 540 pp. 150 illustrations, Sankt Augustinus Verlag, Berlin, 35 mks) is a real museum of religious art. But as scholarly and interesting as the work is, it is only an accessory. The authors, eight monks, have each written one of the chapters of "Die Betende Kirche" and the work bids fair to become a rival to the 'Liber sacramentorum' of Abbot Schuster, O. S. B. The 'Liber' is written in Italian in six volumes and is obtainable from Mariette, Turin. A volume (parts I and II) has been translated into English by Arthur Levelis-Marke and is published by Burns and Oates, (1924, 15 sh.). "Die Betende Kirche" is bound to become popular and help liturgy "come into its own."

ITALY:—In the year 590, Pope St. Gregory the Great inaugurated in an exceptional manner the public devotion of St. Benedict. About the year 594, six years before the ruin of Subiaco, the illustrious pontiff wrote his four books of "Dialogues," in which he had included many precious documents relating to eminent holy persons of Central Italy. His aim was to console himself and to reaffirm in faith and hope his contemporaries in their desolate epoch. His second book of the "Dialogues" is devoted entirely to St. Benedict, his life and miracles, the foundations of Subiaco and Monte Cassino, etc. St. Gregory's account has been the germ for over seventy biographies of St. Benedict, written from 1538 to 1923. Among these are not contained works treating of monastic life or explanations of principles enunciated by St. Benedict, nor any of the thirty commentaries on his holy rule. Of the seventy biographies twenty-two were published in Latin; two in Graeco-Latin; one in Portuguese; four in Spanish; eleven in Italian; eight in German; sixteen in French; four in English. The English editions are S. L. Caldwell (1876); Cardinal Gasquet (1895); Woods (1896) and Forbes (1922). There are many works extant on

the relics of St. Benedict, chief editions of which are Rocher's, 1865 (Orleans); Chamard's 1882 (Ligugé); Heurtbeize's and Triger's 1899 and 1923 (Solesmes and Mans) and D. G. Morin's 1902 (Maredsous.) All are in French.

The question of the Oriental Church has been a problem which has received the earnest preoccupation of Pope Pius XI. In a Pontifical letter to Abbot Primate Von Stotzingen on March 21, 1924, he enjoined him to invite all the abbots of the Benedictine Order "not only to pray to God for unity but also to inaugurate some enterprise to realize the union of the Churches." A central monastery has been founded at Pépinster, Belgium, and Dom Dr. Lambert Beauduin, O. S. B., of Mont César, a former teacher at San Anselmo, Rome, has been appointed superior. He is a master theologian and liturgist. His mission is to inculcate into the minds of his young monks, who intend going to the Orient, a spirit of study, and liturgy of the Oriental people. The united churches are divided according to their rites, into six groups: Greek, Armenian, Maronite, Chaldean, Coptic, and Abyssinian. The Greek group consists of 6,598,000 souls and has a Patriarch of the title of Antioch whose residence at times is in Damascus. The Melchites (of this group) count five metropolitans and five bishops, all under the jurisdiction of the above-mentioned Patriarch. The Armenian group counts 135,235 faithful, with three archbishops and fourteen bishops. Their Patriarch has the title of Cilicia and resides at Bezommar. The Maronites count 430,000 faithful, seven archbishops and two bishops. The Chaldean group consists of 102,000 faithful with four archbishops and eight bishops. Their Patriarch has the title of Babylon and resides at Mossoul. The Chaldeans of Malabar, however, comprise 500,000 in four apostolic vicariates. This problem of the reunion of the churches is one that has existed for fifteen centuries. May the Benedictine inspiration speed it to a grand conclusion. May Dom Beauduin's work be the seed that will spring forth into the full bloom of union—for union does not mean absorption.

FRANCE:—The Benedictine Priory of St. Mary of Victory, founded in the Archdiocese of Paris in 1893 by the Abbey of Ligugé, and erected as a Conventual Priory in 1900, has just been raised to the title of an abbey. The Lord Dom Joseph Gabarra, former Prior of the Paris Monastery, is the first Benedictine Abbot in the Villa Lumière since the French Revolution. Plans had been made to have a Benedictine minster in Paris in Dom Guéranger's time, which would have been a link between the old St. Germain des Prés and Solesmes, but the effort failed. The new abbey is in Auteuil, the sixteenth ward of Paris. The French Congregation of Benedictines, founded in 1833, now numbers ten abbeys with five hundred monks.

An excellent work which brings before the public the important part played by the French monks in the restoration of the antique melodies of St. Gregory is the "Gregorian School of Solesmes (1833-1910)," by Dr. Norbert Rousseau, Desclée and Cie, 89, 190 pp. with 5 photos, costing 10 francs. There is valuable and

new information herein by the author of the "Gregorian Review." For those who have neither the taste nor the leisure for studying the voluminous "Paléographie Musicale," the present volume will give a precise and clear analysis of the teaching of Solesmes on the Gregorian Cantilena.

## The Heroic Act

(Continued from page 294)

attaining to the happiness of heaven in order to assist others in arriving there more speedily. Hence, we may conclude that, since this is of the highest order of charity, of the same degree will be our merit.

Yet, despite this great reward, our weak nature recoils at the thought that after death we must suffer in purgatory without any possibility of our pains being shortened by the prayers of the living. Moreover, it seems an injustice towards those who will have Masses said for us, since these Masses will be of no avail to us.

In answer to this latter let us recall, first, that all indulgences, prayers and good works are offered for the poor souls by way of *suffrage*, which means that we can only offer them to God and leave it to His own goodness and mercy to apply them to the poor soul in question as it seems good to Him. Again, recall that it is only the satisfactory part of the Masses, etc., that we give up. We may still gain the value of impetration even after death. Moreover, it is very important to remember that by the heroic act we do not obligate the Lord God in any way, so that He *cannot* apply the suffrages in our behalf; we merely show ourselves willing to resign them for the benefit of others.

Now, finally, we must consider the fears of human nature for the sufferings to be endured in purgatory after death.

In regard to this we must call to mind three things: First, think of that immense bank account of heavenly merit which we store up for ourselves by this noble act of charity; then, we must recall the well known axiom that no one loses who loses for God, and that He will never allow Himself to be outdone in generosity; and, finally, that an act of perfect love disposes us immediately for the Beatific Vision of God in heaven.

St. Ambrose says, "All that we do for the poor souls is changed into graces for us; and after our death we shall receive in reward a hundredfold for it." "For," says St. Bridget, "if we free one soul from purgatory, it is as pleasing to Our Lord Jesus Christ as if we had freed Our Lord Himself; and at the proper time He will reward us perfectly for it." Another author says that by this unbounded charity for God's chosen ones we gain for ourselves the particular love of the holy Trinity, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all the Saints, and realize in a special way that promise of Our Lord: "Give and it shall be given to you: good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." Then, too, think how greatly the poor souls themselves are obliged to you.

Remember, these are Saints of God, who, though they cannot help themselves, can assist us powerfully even while they are in purgatory, and much more so when they come to heaven. We become the most dear and close friends of theirs; their gratitude and love for us will know no bounds. Hence, they will be ever solicitous for us during our life, and when we come to die there will ascend to the throne of God from the souls yet suffering and the Saints we have helped to heaven such a mighty chorus of petition in our behalf that the very portals of heaven will shake with the violence of that cry; and such torrents of grace will be poured out upon us that all sin and all vestige thereof will be wiped off our soul, and through very force of love divine it will burst the bonds of this prison of flesh and wing its triumphant way to the joyous habitation of Angels and Saints—straight to the blessed Vision of the Triune God.

### Three Souls

ELIZABETH VOSS

Three souls in Purgatory tossed  
Who felt their longing ever crossed—  
By friends and kindred both forgot.  
At last, one, pitying their lot,  
(A tender and devoted one  
Whose heart belonged to Mary's Son,)  
Knelt to St. Michael, Prince of Heaven,  
And prayed the three might be forgiven.

St. Michael sought the Prince of Peace  
And pleaded for their quick release.  
"One's sin," he said, "was cowardice;  
And vanity another's vice;  
Impatient one has always been.  
Yet surely Thou'lt forgive each sin  
If she, a stranger, thus can fall  
Upon her knees, to pray for all!"

Then back the Prince of Angels came  
With tidings for the souls in flame:  
"O stainless ones, your praises give  
To Him whose love now bids you live  
In heavenly mansions evermore;  
Your sins are purged, your sufferings o'er."  
Thus the Good Gard'ner gathers flowers  
To grace His bright celestial bowers!

### In the Gloaming

A. K., O. S. B.

"Quis dabit mihi pennas sicut columbae—Who will give me wings like a dove?"—Ps. 54:7.

The day-worn dove fast cleaves the darkling sky  
As urge, inborn, impels the weary wings  
To quest its luring home.—

Home-urge my clay-steeped soul from languor wrings  
And sends it darting to the realms on high  
To rest—no more to roam.

### Perpetual Novena to the Little Flower

A perpetual Novena in honor of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, "The Little Flower," will be conducted in the students' chapel of Belmont Abbey School, beginning Sunday, October 4th. A new Novena will begin every Sunday thus assuring a constant flow of prayers from this shrine of the great Saint.

Intentions for the Novena and requests for thanksgivings for favors received should reach Belmont not later than Friday to be included in the next Novena.

Address all communications to the Novena Bureau, Belmont Abbey School, Belmont, N. C.

The manner most pleasing to God for keeping ourselves in His holy presence is to enter into the Heart or Jesus, and confide to Him all care of ourselves.—St. Margaret Mary.

### The Fruit of Service

KATE AYERS ROBERT

"And he answering, said to his father: Behold, for so many years do I serve thee, and I have never transgressed thy commandment, and yet thou hast never given me a kid to make merry with my friends."—St. Luke 15:29.

Tonight sitting here in the firelight  
With my Bible upon my knee,  
A story old that is often told  
Keeps haunting the soul of me;  
I see the forgiving father  
And the wayward, sinful son,  
As my heart beats fast I long to clasp  
The hand of that other one,

Who strained every nerve to prove faithful,  
No sign of encouragement found,  
Save the usual orders at morning  
To continue at tilling the ground;  
To labor from daylight to darkness  
Nor the slightest command to contest,  
No hour was his for enjoyment  
Save to go home at evening and rest.

Oh, hearts that are weary with waiting!  
For a signal of love and of cheer  
Be sure that your service in heaven  
Is known. . . . and to God's heart is dear.  
Though no fatted calf in your honor,  
No feasting, no drinking of wine,  
In your soul aren't you glad to remember  
That you've never eaten with swine?

When at evening the loved ones assembled,  
Voices mingling in gladdest accord,  
Your own still with theirs ascending  
In thanksgiving unto the Lord;  
Here then reap the fruit of your service,  
Let those who are restless still roam,  
Of worldlings beware, they have naught to compare  
With the love and peace of home.



AGNES BROWN HERING

Boys have gone a nuttin',  
Turkey gobbler's struttin'  
With a half shut eye;  
Punkin's on a stewin'  
Lots of good stuff brewin'  
'Cause Thanksgiving's nigh.

A. V. H.

### Thanksgiving Medicine from Home

For your dear ones, who because of the distances between you must be far from home and mother, send a packet of Home Medicine—a sure cure for a blue Thanksgiving Day. Secure eight blue envelopes, placing in each one, clippings of home news, nonsense verses that the family has enjoyed, the latest kodak pictures, even little surprises like a stick of gum will add to the effectiveness of the packet. Place these in a large envelope and mail after labelling each blue envelope in some such fashion as this:

To be taken at 1 a. m. after rising—Doctor Father.  
To be taken at 12 m.—Dr. M(other) D(ear).  
To be taken at 2 p. m.—with a spoonful of water—Dr. Brother Tom.  
To be taken at 4 p. m.—with a grain of salt—Dr. Siss.

Wear a smile on your face,  
Keep a laugh in your heart,  
Let your lips bubble over with song;  
'Twill lighten your load  
As you travel life's road,  
And help other travelers along.

—Ligourian.

### Pioneer Stories

(Agnes Brown Hering)

Would you like to hear about the Sparks' twins who are three quarters of a century old? Seventy-five-year old twins? Yes, that is what they are, and they are



TWO PLAYMATES ON THE PRAIRIES OF NEBRASKA

lively, too. One of them, worked in the hay field this summer, and he has been janitor of a public school for fifteen years past.

These twins were born in Illinois in 1850 on the anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, which is May 24. Twenty years later they pioneered in Nebraska not far from the Missouri river. One of the twins, Sylvester, became a lawyer, and the other, Milbern, did various things. He did not go to school as much as his twin brother but stayed at home and helped his father and mother. He has traveled about considerably. He figures the distance to be 6000 miles which he has ridden in a covered wagon.

While living in Colorado, he was followed along a lonely road by a mountain lion which slunk away as he neared a house.

Mr. Sparks made one trip that was unusually interesting. A merchant and miller at Bazile Mills in Nebraska had collected 8000 pounds of butter from the surrounding country and wished to sell this in Deadwood, South Dakota. He employed a number of teams to haul the butter across the country, going by way of the capital, Pierre. To reach Pierre it was necessary to drive across the Missouri River on the ice. All of the teams crossed successfully but the last, and when Mr. Sparks was a part of the way over, the ice broke and his wagon went through. Help came, and the butter was saved, the team rescued, and the wagon taken out in pieces. This load of butter was marketed in Pierre. Some of the butter was so unfit for use, because it had become stale, that 1600 pounds of it was shipped to Chicago to be made into wagon grease.

Mr. Sparks, who was a school boy at the time, remembers the day when the Civil War began. A neighboring school was visiting the one which he attended and the two represented opposing factions. The pupils adjourned to a wood a short distance from the school house and held the opening battle of the war. Clubs and various missiles were used until the teachers appeared upon the scene and after much difficulty quelled the disturbance.

### God's Dark

The Dark is kind and cozy;  
The Dark is soft and deep;  
The Dark will pat my pillow  
And love me as I sleep.

The Dark is smooth as velvet,  
And gentle as the air,  
And he is good to children  
And people everywhere.

The Dark can see and love me  
Without a bit of light.  
He gives me dreams and resting;  
He brings the gentle Night.

God made the Dark, so Daytime  
Could close its tired eyes  
And sleep a while in comfort  
Beneath the starry skies.

The Daytime, just like children,  
Needs rest from work and play,  
So it can give us children  
Another happy day.

God made the Dark for children  
And birdies in their nest.  
All in the Dark He watches  
And guards us while we rest.

—John Martin.

Bobbie: "What is *beheaded*, mother?"

Mother: "Having one's head cut off."

Bobbie: "Is *defeated* having one's feet cut off?"

## The Letter Box

(All letters for the "Letter Box" should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

The scolding last month helped a little for we received a nice bunch of letters, but we are not yet satisfied. One reader responded to the request for pioneer stories and sent a short sketch about her grandfather. These stories are always enjoyable and we hope to receive others.

Here is another suggestion. What curios, heirlooms, or relics are there in your family? A little girl here has a whale's tooth which has been handed down to her by her great grandfather who was a sea captain. An old lady nearby has a table which was brought from England in Colonial days.

The letter of description that appears in this issue is a masterpiece and all our readers would do well to use their eyes to such advantage, and put their pens to such usage.

We should like some of our boys and girls to write short reviews of Catholic books, descriptions of good plays, and express their opinions on the modern form of dress, or rather lack of dress.

Some very interesting letters have been received, many friendships have been formed, and we hope that some good has been accomplished. May the good work continue.

Margaret M. Cloughessy, of 45 Platt St., Ansonia, Conn., sends a brief message to Aunt Agnes and the Cornerites. Margaret has been a reader of "The Corner" for years. Her interest does not flag but increases with each number. She has received some correspondents through "The Corner," and she expresses the hope that others will write too.

Writing from 2600 Amelia St., New Orleans, La., Audrey M. Thiery says: "I was delighted to read in 'The Grail' for July that I was admitted into the 'Corner'....I received two lovely letters—one from Margaret Farrell, Springfield, Mass., and the other from Jessie Duffy, Big Timber, Montana. I am always glad to hear from anyone who will write to me.

"Last June I was promoted to the sixth grade, and by studying diligently, I will enter 7B Grade.—I enjoy reading 'The Grail' very much and can scarcely wait from one issue to the next."

Another letter addressed to Aunt Agnes is from F. Boggs, 8712 Jamaica Ave., Woodhaven, L. I., who says: "Woodhaven is an ideal home town, where the residents are in comfortable circumstances. Our schools are the last word in convenience. The church is very pretty too. It is St. Thomas'—with school attached.—We have

elevated train service to New York City, which can be reached in an hour or less.—Forest Park, nearby, is an honest-to-goodness children's playground with swings, slides, and sand to dig in. We have golf links in this park also—and devotees of the game come from great distances to play here.—From the park hill you can see Jamaica Bay in the distance. The numerous homes of our town look like doll houses in the foreground.—I thank you for printing my former letter. It brought me a few correspondents."

The following interesting letter from Centocow, P. O. Braecroft, South Africa, is another proof of the grand work that is being done by our missionaries in foreign lands.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

A very long time indeed has passed since I last wrote to you. To-day I do so moved by one of the happiest events which ever occurred at our mission-station, Centocow. This was the celebration of our Very Rev. Father Superior's silver Jubilee of Priesthood on the second of July.

Just when I arrived at Centocow on the nineteenth of June (this year) coming from the Mariannhill Native Training College where I am making my studies to become a teacher I found the whole mission in great motion preparing for this Jubilee. The Rev. Sisters, Brothers, the teachers and the boarders as a whole were busy working together for the success of the Jubilee.

To complete our joy seven Rev. Fathers, a few Rev. Brothers and three student Fathers came on the preceding day July 1st. These reverend guests greatly increased our joy, because it is a rare pleasure among the South Africans to stay with more than two priests in one mission.

Before and after holy mass there was a short, but grand procession. The priests were clad in fine garments and they walked just after the boys and girls who were dressed in white. The girls had beautiful wreaths on the heads. The whole procession looked very much like the procession on the feast of Corpus Christi.

The High Mass was sung after which a very beautiful sermon was delivered by one of our Rev. Fathers describing the whole religious life of the Rev. Father Apollinaris whose Jubilee was being observed.

After the service we had a grand picnic in a forest not far from Centocow. There we enjoyed ourselves with songs and games. When these were over, several speeches were made expressing gratitude, hearty congratulations and perfect sincerity to the Rev. Father.

What pleased me most in those congratulations was that each speech was concluded with a small bag of money respectfully offered to the Rev. Father as an outward sign of their love and respect for him.

At sunset we returned to Centocow Mission and thus ended one of the most joyful days we ever had. With best wishes for your well-being,

I am in the sacred Heart of Jesus,

Dear Aunt,

Yours faithfully,

Johanna Dhlamini.

Gertrude Turner, 2521 5th Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes:

I thank you for printing my first letter. Through it I have many many correspondents.

Every time the "Grail" comes I rush through everything until I come to the "Corner." But, Aunt Agnes, I haven't seen any letters from the boys. Where are they? Have they forgotten the "Corner"?

Let's pep up and make the "Corner" a big success, and next month let's just have loads of letters.

I hope that everyone who reads this letter will write to me.

Margaret Mary Hettig, of 1437, 12th Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., says:

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I just read my letter in "The Grail" and want to thank you, for I did not expect to find it in the Letter Box so soon.

We have moved to the above address and have been living here about three months. School opened Sept. 8th. I have a new teacher this year, her name is Sister William. I am very glad to get back to School. I have been taking music from Sister Rhoda.

I had a very nice vacation for I learned to bake cakes during the summer. My niece is 11 months old. I have a nephew that is 10 weeks old.

Pauline M. Dooley, of 512 Cornhill St., Peoria, Ill., writes:

Dear Aunt Agnes: It has been some time since I wrote to you and the Cornerites. In answer to your encouraging plea in the September Letter Box I'll try to give you some news.

School has opened again. It finds me a freshman at the Academy of Our Lady, which is only eleven blocks from home and six blocks from town. The teachers are splendid,—Sisters of St. Joseph. A favorite feature of school is Physical Culture taught by Miss Mae Powers. Our uniforms are plain, but attractive. The freshmen as well as the other classes look like a picture in the pongee blouses and dark skirts.

During the past three "free months." I had two jolly experiences at Glen Oak Natatorium, the most popular in town, in learning to swim. On another day I went on a motor trip to Princeton, Ill., and on another day to a fish fry up the river. Vacation and warm weather are the times for good times.

"The Grail" sure is a wonderful magazine. My favorite features are: The Children's Corner, Notes of General Interest, geographical and fiction stories. The "Letter Box" seems to have "gone down" lately. In spite of the length of my letter I hope it will prove of some interest and be at least one more in the "Letter Box."

I have forgotten the rules of writing to the "Letter Box" but I've kept to one side of the paper and an inch margin.

Majorie Melson, 412 Deckman Ave., Peoria, Ill., has written the following "Pioneer Story" for the "Corner":

My great grandfather was born in Ireland. He sailed for America with his family in 1842. When they had been on the sea for two weeks they were blown back to the coast of England. When they were in mid-ocean their baby died and was buried in the ocean.

It took fourteen weeks to get to America. When they arrived at New Orleans they boarded another boat and sailed up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, then they sailed up the Illinois River on a raft. They settled on a small farm just north of Peoria. They saw Indians many times and were attacked once.

Later they moved to a farm northwest of Peoria.

Great-grandfather build a church which is the oldest church in the diocese. He attended this church until he retired to Peoria forty-nine years ago.

Margaret R. L. Steigler, of 659 Washington St., New York, N. Y., has written a very fine letter. Margaret has seen something and she can tell it an orderly way.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Several months ago I wrote and told you about New York in general. Today I'm going to tell you about one museum in particular. I have been told it is the only one of its kind in the United States. What makes me wonder is why so few patronize it.

I went to visit it with my Aunt Lil and so I'll tell you about the visit just as I saw it or rather took it.

As we entered the courtyard I was amazed at the sombreness of the place. It is a three story building of grey stone but we're not interested in what the building looks like. We're interested in what's inside. Naturally we expect many boys around. I have never heard of a boy who has never wished to be an Indian, but why is it they won't admit it? I can't see where there's any fault, but maybe that's why boys aren't interested in what's in the museum.

Now leaving the matter of why boys don't come here to the Indian Museum, all of us who have read about Indians remember when our hearts used to beat to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and we sat alert, eyes and ears open, wondering what would come next. That was the effect on us when we read about Indians, so you can readily see or imagine how you feel when you actually see these things used by the Indian at home and abroad and also caused much excitement.

First we see the beautiful baskets, beadwork, and robes of the Sioux and other tribes. There are birch-bark canoes, tomahawks, stories of battles and hunts embroidered on hides, totem poles, charms, arrows, furs, Indian dried food, models of Indians doing several dances, a model of a Manhattan village (now New York City) or Indian village in Manhattan years ago, cooking utensils, baby-carriers, Indian toys, chieftain robes, and other things too numerous to mention.

Now I've taken you through in general and now I'll hit the high spots or what I think will be most interesting.

A contribution from Utah is a little Indian Princess who is petrified and has been dead for more than two hundred and fifty years, but she might be asleep for all you would know. Her feet are crossed; her hair is still flowing over her shoulders; her robes are the same as when she was buried. It seems incredible but it's true. That is about the most interesting thing from our own United States.

From Ecuador there are the heads, the foot and the man's body. The heads have been shrunken to about the size of a man's fist. The foot is about the size of an infant's and I don't believe the man's body can be more than a foot and one half long. This sounds rather weird, I know. It sounds foolish too but if any of you ever visit this museum you can see for yourselves. The Jivaro Indians were the ones who performed this act which reminds me of a story my Aunt Lil once told me. The story had been told to Aunt Lil by an explorer. Among the Jivaro Indians they took their captives and removed the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. If the captive lives he is allowed to go free. This explorer had been nursed back to life by some members of this tribe. He said only that he was so thin he is afraid that by now he would be decorating the interior of some cannibal chief.

There was a beautiful rug made by the Incas from Peru. The rug was made of Vicuna wool and gold threads. Among the Incas this represented the highest form of weaving. The rug was more than one hundred and fifty years old but neither you nor I would believe it.

Who ever thought the ukulele is not a modern instrument? Why there was a ukulele there that came from Bolivia and had been made many years ago. There were also "Pipes of Pan."

From California there were robes with ordinary thimbles and pebbles inside so that when the wearer walked there would be a sound, I imagine, something like the noise our modern Charleston Bells make. The modern Charleston Bells are puns on the ancient Indian idea.

There were playing cards of hide used by the New Mexican Apaches.

From Mexico came some charms of gold in many shapes and so minute you have to look at them under the magnifying glass. After seeing these you cannot deny the Indian had lots of patience.

Indians from British Colombia used dishes as large as rowboats.

I've taken you through the museum just as I was taken. I hope you enjoyed the visit as I know I have. Sometime I'll write again and take you through another New York museum in an effort to prove that New York isn't what some people believe it to be.

I'm fifteen and a junior in high school. A pet hobby of mine is visiting places like the Indian Museum. My only regret is that all the people cannot see and enjoy some of New York's museums. Whether anyone wants to or not, it cannot be denied that there are many wonders here and the Indian Museum is one of them. I could tell a lot more but I cannot describe many of the things as they are. If I were as great a writer as George Washington was a soldier, I could tell about this museum in grand style, but since I'm only a high school junior, I can only tell these things as I see them. Anyhow I hope you have a better idea of at least one New York Museum and if you have, then maybe my letter is worth something.

I will close now with best wishes to you and the "Cornerites."

Kathryn Kelly, who lives at 224 Pine St., Holyoke, Mass., tells us that she is twelve years old. "I would like to become a 'Cornerite,'" she says, then adds: "I would like to hear from the readers of the 'Corner.'"

Mary Louise Richard lets us hear from 2624 Dublin St., New Orleans, where she lives. Her home city is renowned among other things for its Mardi Gras celebration, which takes place every year just before Lent opens. Is there anyone of the Cornerites in New Orleans that can describe the Mardi Gras (Shrove Tuesday) celebration so as to give the rest of us a fair idea of it?—Mary Louise asks to be admitted to the "Corner." The petition, of course, is granted with pleasure to all who ask. After telling us that she is seventeen, she expresses the hope that her note will not be "filed" in the wastebasket.

"Why don't more girls and boys write to me?" complains Marie Clarkson, who lives at 324 Morris St., Gloucester, N. J. Only one letter was all that she has received as a result of her former request. But her sister obtained thirteen correspondents. Marie informs us that she is fifteen. She attends St. Mary's Church and School. We feel sure that after this complaint Marie's table will be covered with an avalanche of letters. Possibly she will require the aid of a stenographer to reply to all who write.

### Conundrums

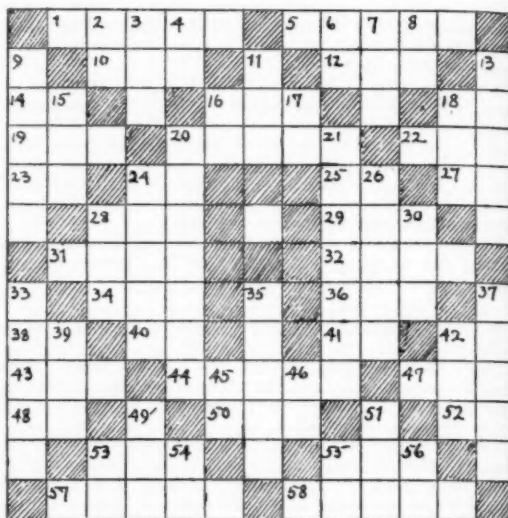
(Contributed by Mary Danna)

What grows in winter with roots upward and dies in summer? Icicle.

If I place a dime on the table in a room full of people, what is the first thing it does? Looks round.

Why is a scuttle of coal like the President's cook? Because it feeds the grate (great).

### Cross-Word Puzzle No. 10



#### Vertical

- 2—Call to excite attention
- 3—To possess
- 4—Right Excellent (abbr.)
- 6—Roman Catholic (abbr.)
- 7—Reverential fear
- 8—Personal pronoun (3 pers. sing.)
- 9—A song bird with red-dish breast
- 11—An evergreen tree
- 13—Perpendicular
- 15—To move quickly
- 16—British America (abbr.)
- 17—Bill of Exchange (abbr.)
- 18—A conjunction
- 20—Finding fault with
- 21—To refuse
- 24—Cogwheels in machinery
- 26—Series of rings in which a pipe is wound (plur.)
- 28—A little child
- 30—Balance (abbr.)
- 33—To frighten
- 35—Young birds hatched at same time
- 37—Large
- 39—To conceal (past tense)
- 42—A small sharp explosive sound
- 45—Old Testament (abbr.)

#### Horizontal

- 1—Land Adjacent to an ocean
- 5—Track left by man or beast
- 10—To be obliged for
- 12—Hundred weight (abbr.)
- 14—Corresponding to either
- 16—A cloth over a child's breast
- 18—Aluminum (abbr.)
- 19—A slightly sweetened cake
- 20—To open to view (past tense)
- 22—A large South African antelope
- 23—Inside
- 24—Grand Lodge (abbr.)
- 25—Established Church (abbr.)
- 27—Doctor of Music (abbr.)
- 28—Leaves of a Chinese shrub
- 29—The axis on which kernels of corn grow
- 31—Mixture of clay and sand
- 32—One who tells lies
- 34—Prefix meaning three
- 36—Unwell
- 38—Chapter (abbr.)
- 40—South Natal (abbr.)
- 41—Nova Scotia (abbr.)
- 42—Porto Rico (abbr.)
- 43—To trouble
- 44—A large web-footed bird
- 47—A roebuck

- 46—Thus  
49—Downcast  
50—An oriental vessel  
53—Mile (abbr.)  
54—Prefix meaning down  
55—Maine (abbr.)  
56—Presiding Elder (abbr.)  
48—Royal Dragoons (abbr.)  
50—Likewise  
52—Male parent  
53—Furious with rage  
55—To wipe with a mop  
57—A sea duck with fine down  
58—Drain to carry off water

## Solution to October Cross-Word Puzzle



## "Exchange" Smiles

A little girl was spending her first night from home. As the darkness gathered she began to cry. The hostess asked, "Are you homesick?"

"No," she answered, "I'm heresick."

Mother: "Anna, run over to the meatmarket and see if the butcher has any pigs' feet."

Anna (running back almost out of breath): "I couldn't see, mother, 'cause he had shoes on."

Lucy (on a visit to the country): "Mother, what is Henry doing?"

Mother: "He is milking the cow, darling."

"Lucy: "Oh, is he? Well, who is going to egg the chickens?"

Teacher: "Who can tell me the most dangerous part of an automobile?"

Tommy: "I can, teacher. It's the driver."

Uncle Robert: "My hair is falling out. What can I get to keep it in?"

Little niece: "Here's a paper bag, uncle."

Grocer: "Well, little miss, what can I do for you today?"

Dorothy: "Please, Mr. Smith, mama wants a bottle of good-natured alcohol."

Catherine: "Where did you get all your freckles, Edward?"

Little Edward: "I got um on my face."

## Abbey and Seminary

—In mid-September Father Sylvester made a hasty trip home on business from his Indian mission at Marty, S. D. He had scarcely time to grunt "How!" Indian fashion. If one may judge from his healthy complexion and robust appearance, life on the missions evidently agrees with him. On the return trip he drove through with a new car—an indispensable "animal" for the missionary in making his outlying missions. The business manager of THE GRAIL, Father Edward Berheide, accompanied the lone missionary back to his wigwam not merely for the pleasure of a ride, or to glimpse for the first time the broad, expansive, rolling prairies of the West, or to fill his lungs with pure ozone which is so plentiful in those regions, but to help install some printing machinery at the mission. Many of our readers will have seen "The Little Bronzed Angel," the monthly messenger from the mission that wings its flight from Marty to the four corners of Uncle Sam's vast domain.

—Word has reached us that Father Justin Synder, O. S. B., of the Indian mission at Stephan, S. D., has gone East with several of his bronzed proteges—to add color to his mission talks. He will endeavor to interest Easterners in behalf of his poor missions. The churches that were destroyed by cyclone a year and a half ago on the Crow Creek Reservation have not yet been rebuilt. It requires more energy and breath to gather in a few hundred dollars than the cyclone expended in the twinkling of an eye in its work of destruction.

—The Forty Hours Devotion was held in the Abbey Church from October 16 to 18 inclusive. The community and the seminarians watched by day and throughout the night. A number of priests of the community spent these days of grace either conducting, or assisting at, the Forty Hours Devotion in outside parishes.

—Father Abbot writes that because of his illness abroad he has been delayed some four or five weeks and he could not return at the end of October as he anticipated when he left us early in July.

—October, which is usually classed among the beautiful, sunshiny months of autumn, has not been so pleasant this year, for it brought us a number of belated "April" showers. These freshened the grass somewhat and started the winter wheat to growing. There was quite a cool spell, too, early in the month with a light frost. The present year seems to have been one of extremes. The summer was both extremely hot and dry. The wheat crop, which was out of the way early in the season, was probably the biggest we ever had. The garden and the other crops did not fare so well.

—Word comes from Deming, N. M., that while Father Alphonse's condition is serious, the doctors hold out hope for his ultimate recovery.

—Two of our alumni, as we see by the papers, were on the program at the convention of the national Catholic Rural Life Conference that met at St. Paul in October. Rev. J. P. Hayden, of Holy Cross, Ky., had a paper on "The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in Rural Parishes," while Rev. William Schaefer, of Beaver, Kans., spoke on "Vocations from Rural Parishes."

## Book Notices

Those who have read "The Dearest Girl," by Marion Ames Taggart, will find equal pleasure in "Pamela's Legacy," a sequel. The situation of the heroine at the beginning of the book immediately provokes interest; the conversation is full of spirit and wit. The author is too well known to need any introduction. Benziger Bros. Net \$1.50.

All the thrill of being behind the scenes at America's foremost playgrounds, together with the pleasure one always gets from spirited boy-adventure, are given us by Father Neil Boyton, S. J., in his story "On the Sands of Coney." The book will, it is hoped, do much to destroy the impression that all "show people" are of questionable morals. Benziger Bros. Net \$1.25.

"The Left Hand," by Rev. C. F. Donovan, is an unusual book. Though it is a story full of realism and human interest, it effectively deals at the same time with probably most of the up-to-the-minute social problems that are now holding our attention. One cannot come from the reading of this story without gaining light on much that was doubtful or unknown in this regard. This valuable book is bound to do great things in killing ignorance and its offspring, bigotry and prejudice. J. H. Meier, Publisher, Chicago. \$2.00.

Readers of Mary Mable Wirries are already acquainted with "Mary Rose," her charming boarding school girl, and will be glad to get "Mary Rose Sophomore." Boarding school life is never really prosaic or dull,—when we look back on it, especially. Each graduate could write a book that would hold its readers; make them laugh, then fill them with concern. Such is this charming account of a lively year. Probably every boarding school girl will find herself pictured in its pages. Benziger Bros. Net \$1.00.

In "American Springtime Chimes" Mgr. William Cluse introduces the English reader to the beauties of F. W. Weber's renowned German epic—"Dreizehnhinden." For the trochaic meter of the original the author has substituted iambic. Neatly bound in blue cloth, the volume may be obtained from the Cluseton Home, Okawville, Ill. Octavo, 253 pages. Net \$1.85.

"Thoughts on the Wing" is an attractively bound volume of poems from the pen of Brother Michael Dunn, O. S. B., the "Poet of the Cascade Hills." The eighty-one poems of the collection cover a wide range of thought that will convince the reader that

"The poetry of earth is still alive...."

With subtle words and manners undefined

It creeps into each breast, when golden-lined."

Published by the Christopher Publishing House, Boston. Cloth, 136 Pages. \$1.50 net.

"Catholic Nursery Rhymes," the life of Our Lord in verse, by Sister Mary Gertrude, M. A., with original pictures in colors, has just been published by Benziger Brothers. Paper, 25¢. These Rhymes, which follow alphabetical order, each page beginning with another letter, will make a suitable gift for children.

The Catholic Dramatic Co., under the direction of Rev. M. Helfen, Broton, Minn., is performing a meritorious work in its efforts to elevate the stage in our Catholic parishes. Pastors and directors of theatricals in the parish will do well to apply for a list of plays (English or German) before making their selection. "The Catholic Stage," which answers "Why, When, What should we perform on our Catholic Stage?" a

booklet issued by the Catholic Dramatic Club, contains also a list of plays that it publishes.

"Christian Doctrine Drills," a 32-page booklet, compiled by a Sister of Mercy for use in the parochial schools, is a very convenient epitome of the catechism that gives information not found in the catechism. The booklet will be of interest to grown-ups as well as to school children and their teachers. We are of the opinion, however, that it would be better to omit the promises of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary and leave them to books of devotion. Price \$5.00 per hundred. D. B. Hansen & Sons, 27 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

"The Crusaders Almanac," which is published quarterly by the Franciscan Fathers at Mount St. Sepulchre, Washington, D. C., for the benefit of the missions in the Holy Land, contains 64 pages that present a calendar for each month besides much interesting reading matter that pertains principally to the Holy Land. Price 25¢.

The "Manna Almanac," intended especially for young folks, is published by the Salvatorian Fathers, at St. Nazianz, Wis. Price 20¢. The object of the Almanac is to promote greater love for the Blessed Sacrament, an active interest in the missions, and a relish for wholesome reading.

From the same address comes a charming book of 148 pages, "Tell Us Another," with 65 simple, short stories for children. The author, Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S., possesses the happy art of entertaining the little ones. These stories will be found useful by all who have the care of children. Address the Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price \$1.10.

"Saint Anthony's Almanac," a book of 96 pages (price 25¢, by mail 30¢), published by the Franciscan Fathers at St. Bonaventure, N. Y., is replete with useful information and wholesome stories.

"Uni Una! To the one God my one Soul!" Retreat lectures and readings for religious and priests. By Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., St. Anthony Monastery, Cincinnati, O. Price \$3.00. In this volume of over 700 pages the author gives priests, religious, and the devout laity the fruits of long years of labor as professor, preacher, and especially as retreat master. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Indianapolis says in the foreword: "Doctrinally sound, kindly in spirit, accessible at all times, a book of this kind is a treasure for devout souls. Moreover, it is instrumental in keeping alive and deepening holy convictions and fervent resolves formed during solemn spiritual retreats." The perusal of these lectures will convince the reader of the truth of these words.

Bearing the title "Jesus and His Pets," the same author, gives us a booklet of 118 pages with "Mission and Retreat Talks to Children." The subject matter, which has an appropriate caption for nearly every paragraph, is adapted to the minds of the children in the higher grades. The booklet makes a suitable guide for the spiritual exercises of a four days' retreat or mission. Paper cover. Price 50¢.

"His Mystic Body," by Francis Xavier McCabe, C. M., L. L. D., is a familiar treatise of 56 pages on the Church. It presents ably and forcefully to the non-Catholic the claim of the Church to be the sole accredited representative of Christ in this world. The little book bears the imprimatur of the Bishop of Kansas City. The Vincentian Press, 1605 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. Price: paper, 25¢; cloth, 50¢. Special price on quantities.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## Love, Home and a Little Child

SISTER Immaculata sat thoughtfully sewing up a rent in Bobby's waist; it was becoming thin and threadbare, and was among the last of the clothing that had been sent up when Bobby entered the orphanage. Bobby himself was sitting on a chair close by, waiting for the nun to complete repairs; he was a little uncertain as to the slight pucker between Sister Immaculata's eyes. She had said nothing when he came in from the "swell game of tag" he had been having with Johnny Bart and Eddie Ledwin, and ruefully displayed the split waist, where Johnny had grabbed him so as to reach base first. And so he was uncomfortable, and felt sure she would scold him as soon as she thought of something suitable to say. But today she seemed very absent-minded. At last, however, she did speak.

"How did this happen, Bobby?"

"Oh gee—I mean, Johnny Bart—you see, Sister, I don't like to snitch, but Johnny couldn't help it. We were playing tag, and—"

"I see," said Sister quietly. Silence for awhile. Sister seemed to have something heavy on her mind. Mother Ermina had asked her to tell Bobby something—to break it gently—but ah! To gentle Sister Immaculata it seemed like standing before a precipice and making up her mind to jump down. Every time she saw Bobby, she wanted to call him, but always something within her contracted painfully, and her lips closed tight. Yet, she told herself severely that was not obedience to Mother's request. She must obey or—

"Bobby—"

"Yes, Sister?" Bobby shifted his position uneasily. Surely the scolding was coming now; perhaps he would be punished for being so careless. His little hands were clutched tightly together, very moist and restless.

"I've—had a letter—rather, Mother Ermina had—and—your Mamma will not be able to come up next Sunday on visiting day." She paused to observe the effect on the child. He leaped up and ran to Sister's side. Never before had his mother omitted to come.

"Mamma not coming Sunday? But w—w—why?" Already the small lips were trying to pucker, and their little owner striving manfully to prevent them from doing so. Sister put her hand over the small twisting ones.

"She is ill; I am so sorry. We will pray very hard for her, and then maybe she will come on next visiting

day." Bobby bit his lip hard, but in spite of himself, the tears brimmed over, and ran down his cheeks.

"My dear, dear Mamma sick? Oh, Sister, may I not go to her? Oh, where is she? I must see her. What if she should die, and I wouldn't see her any more?"

"We will see, dear. If Mother Ermina can obtain the doctor's permission, we will go to see her, you and I." She tried to put hope into her voice, but at the bottom of her heart she felt that the child must sense the deception. Bobby looked at Sister very hard.

"Oh, Sister, you're not fooling me, are you? My Mamma is not dead, is she? Oh please tell me she is not dead?" Sister's arm went about the frail little figure.

"Oh no, no!" She could tell the truth there at least, but she dared not breathe the fact that his mother's life hung by a mere thread, and that no one was permitted to see her. "She is not dead, thank God! Only, we must pray very, very hard that our dear Lord will restore her health—if such is His most holy will." Bobby looked down and pondered a few moments.

"I wonder if my daddy knows? Do you think he would come if he knew?"

Sister did not know, but she tried to put confidence into her voice.

"I am sure he would, dear."

Bobby's was a sad story—the story of the modern world, of modern intolerance, of modern lightness and levity in things more sacred than life or death. Once Bobby had lived in a happy little home, with a happy father and mother. Things had gone on well—very well, until Bobby was about three years old; then his mother, who had prided herself on being a modern girl before her marriage, also prided herself on being a modern woman, and as such, had certain ideas which did not wholly coincide with Bobby's old-fashioned daddy's ideas. She proposed doing certain things, and he forbade her to do them; she, claiming to be a modern free woman, refused to bow to his will, saying he had no right to dictate to her. Result: clash, a temporary truce for a time, for Bobby's sake, a wretched existence, during which neither one nor the other would give way—and at last, disruption. Mr. Harman went his way, and his wife hers, he agreeing that she take the child.

For a time, Bobby's mother got on well enough, as long as her husband sent money from time to time for

the child's expenses; she was too proud to touch a penny of it for herself, so took in sewing to make a living for herself. But, suddenly, the money stopped coming, without word or explanation of any kind, and, little by little, the sewing orders dropped off too, so that Mrs. Harman was obliged to seek work elsewhere. After weeks of heart-breaking search, she at last found that she could not go out to work and keep Bobby too; so she came to Mother Ermina, and with tears begged her to take her boy, promising to pay what she could toward his board. The superior listened kindly, and although it was against the rules for the Home to accept any but children whose parents had died, she placed the case before the Board, who finally decided that it was better to accept the child than endanger his soul by having him placed elsewhere.

So Bobby became an inmate of St. Ann's Orphan Home, and soon grew to love the sweet, kindly nuns, who pitied him, and took great interest in him. The first Sunday of every month was visiting day, and Bobby especially looked forward to this day as the gala day of the month. Indeed, he took such a keen joy in the anticipated event, that he could talk of nothing else for a week before. So that was why Sister Immaculata found it so hard to wound his sensitive little heart and disappoint it by such dire news as she had to communicate.

He had made his First Holy Communion in May, and from that time on he never ceased to pray for his father's return, that they might all three be together again in their little home, as formerly. And who knows how powerful is the prayer of a child? Surely the Master who so loved the little ones, looked with compassion upon this poor little soul, praying for the father and mother, who, having brought him into the world, knew not how to preserve peace, even at the sacrifice of their own headstrong ideas, for the sake of the little child whom God had placed in their midst. Surely every little child has a right to a sweet, peaceful home, where differences never occur, or are settled away from his little, unsophisticated ears. Do parents realize how quarrels between themselves wound the hearts of their little ones, who have to listen, and can take sides with neither against the other, because both are equally beloved?

Mrs. Harman fought the bitter battle through two exhausting years. Labor alone would not have taken such toll, for man can labor for years upon years, and, if his heart is sweet, and quiet and content dwells there, Father Time is kind to him, and the summers and winters pass lightly over his head. But Grief—ah alas! Grief is the awful thief who brings grey hairs—who saps the body of all its strength—who makes the feet lag like lead—who dims the eyes with many tears—and lays low the wheat with one fell stroke of his scythe.

It was grief that laid Mrs. Harman low. Grief over the separation from her child, which she had to endure, coming home nightly to an empty, cheerless room, dreaming of things which might have been, and allowed only two or three meager hours once a month,

in which to press her darling to her heart. And was it only grief for her child? Alas, no; those who act in haste, repent at leisure. She discovered a new truth in her heart; she learned to her own surprise, that after the mists of anger and misunderstanding had cleared away, and she had plenty of time to think in the long lonely nights, that that heart still yearned for him whose presence she had thought hateful and intolerable. She found, like many another, that what God had joined, man cannot lightly put asunder.

The heart, like a thing alive, clings on, nor takes cognizance of the foolish clashing and churnings of mind and will, and like a magnet, points ever to its north star. Gradually, she felt the thief creeping on; her feet lagged; her body became languid; she even crushed down her pride and wrote letters to him whom she sought in vain. The letters were all returned; pain gnawed, appetite waned, resistance grew less and less, until, one morning, she was unable to rise. She grew worse and worse, and at last, was sent to the hospital. The doctor called it pneumonia; such it was, but it was brought on by a broken heart.

"Sister, why did my daddy ever go away? Why didn't he stay with us? Didn't he like it at home?" An embarrassing question not easily answered; Sister Immaculata bent her head lower over her work and a slow flush mounted her cheek.

"Hush, child; I do not know."

"That's what mother always said. Didn't he tell her where he was going?"

Sister arose and shook out the waist; the rent was mended.

"Come; your waist is finished. Put it on and then we will go to the chapel and pray a few minutes for your mamma." She was glad to be able to evade his questionings, but he was not to be put off.

"And for daddy too? I do so want to see him. I'm just dying to see him, Sister! He used to play horse—"

"Yes, yes; come now. We will pray for both of them." And the two walked off in the direction of the chapel, where both prayed very, very fervently before the beautiful Sacred Heart, to straighten out this sad tangle.

A few days later, as Bobby was having a sprightly game of leapfrog, Sister Immaculata called him from his play.

"Come; we are going to see mamma. She is asking for you." Immediately all play was forgotten. Bobby leaped up the steps three at a time.

"Oh goody! Did Mother Ermina say we could? Goody! Goody!"

Soon the Sister and the child were hurrying to the car, and before long they were being led up the immaculate, shining corridor of the great, silent hospital, where velvet-footed nurses in their crisp, white uniforms flitted here and there, and partly open doors gave glimpses of pale faces upon white pillows, and the odor of drugs floated in the air. They were told to go to Room 321, which was on the third floor, and a young student nurse took them up on the elevator and pointed the direction of the room.

Bobby's little heart was beating tumultuously as they reached the door of 321, but it almost stopped as they rounded the screen which stood before the bed, and he saw his mother's pale emaciated face. She did not see them at once, and Sister had cautioned Bobby not to rush at her as he was wont in the excess of his joy. So he crept softly toward her, and his chubby arms were about her neck before she realized who it was.

"My darling baby!" she breathed, closing her eyes and locking her arms about him. Then she opened them again, and it seemed she must devour him with her eyes.

"Are you feeling better, Mrs. Harman?" asked Sister Immaculata pityingly, as she took the chair at the bedside.

"I feel slightly stronger today, thank you, Sister. But it was a hard pull; they thought, because of my run-down condition, that I would never come through. But it seemed, every time I thought I was going down forever, something came and pulled me up again. It was the queerest feeling—like someone forbidding me to die."

"Prayer," replied Sister conclusively. "Everyone in the Orphanage prayed for you during your worst days, and Bobby here received Holy Communion for you every morning." The mother's eyes again feasted upon her child. She held him as if she were afraid to have him go.

"Did you, darling? Perhaps God will hear your prayers and pity me." Sadness overclouded her sweet, wistful face, and tears stood ready to roll from her eyes. One thing was troubling Sister Immaculata; had the poor woman had the sacraments? Here, in this non-sectarian place, there was small chance of anyone caring for the welfare of her immortal soul. So she nerved herself for the question.

"Did they send you a priest?" she asked. But Mrs. Harman turned her face sadly away and sighed.

"Alas, Sister," she said, "when we separated, I dared not go to church. I drifted away, because I thought God was angry, and the priest would not give me absolution anyway, and yet—I felt I could not have done otherwise than I did. I think that was half my desolation—my separation from my religion. I could have borne the rest."

"My dear child, why didn't you go to your confessor and tell him all about it? He would have advised you what to do, and would never have sent you away without absolution."

"He would have made me go back—to him—and I didn't want to."

"But now—surely you wish to be reconciled to God?"

"Oh yes! If I only could! I should be so much happier!"

"Then I will send our chaplain down to you at once."

The nun and the boy took their leave, and the chaplain of St. Ann's was sent to the poor, sick woman. The consoling story he brought back to the anxious nuns set their hearts at rest. Now they could pray for her with renewed hope. The routine of the Home

went on again, as usual, and Bobby and Sister Immaculata visited the hospital every two or three days. The invalid was slowly growing stronger, but, because of the complete breakdown she had had, the doctor thought best for her to remain at the hospital for a month or two.

Then, one day, Bobby and his two favorite pals, Johnny and Eddie, were engaged in their favorite game of leapfrog. At first they did not notice the thin, haggard man, with his arm in a sling, who stood at the iron fence beyond, watching the sprightly youngsters. Then, presently, Johnny stopped playing.

"That man wants us; let's go over to the fence," he said.

So the three ran over, and the man asked a question. "Do you know if there is a little boy here by the name of Robert Harman?"

"Oh yes!" cried Johnny and Eddie together. "Here he is!" Bobby stood there, eyeing the stranger and wondering how he knew his name.

"You stay here, Bobby; I want to talk to you. You two go back there and play." Johnny and Eddie looked at each other; Mother Ermina had forbidden them to have anything to do with strangers. Well, anyway, they would go back a little ways, but they would keep watch, and if it was a kidnapper, they would cry out and make a great to-do, so that he could not succeed in any mischief he may have contemplated.

"So you are Bobby Harman," said the man, whose eyes were melting with yearning and wistfulness. "Do you know who I am?"

"No sir; I don't."

"Don't you remember your daddy? Did you forget how we used to play horse out in the garden? I made you a switch, and held a rope in my mouth for a bridle, and you wore my hat, and made me eat grass and tied me to a tree?" Bobby began to jump up and down in glee.

"Oh yes—sure I remember. Let me see; you look a little like my daddy—only he didn't have grey hair, nor stickers on his face, nor his arm tied up in a rag. And, oh no—excuse me—but my daddy never wore clothes like them—with holes in."

"But I am your daddy just the same, child. Look here," and he produced the locket of a watch fob from his waistcoat pocket and opened it.

"Oh, that's Mother's picture on this side! And mine on the other!"

"Now do you believe it?"

"Oh yes! But, daddy, why did you ever go away from us? Mother used to cry and cry, and then she had to go to work, and had to put me here in the Orphan Home. She's sick in the hospital now. Didn't you know it?" Mr. Harman's face turned ashen pale.

"In the hospital! Mamma in the hospital? No, I didn't know it!"

"See? I told Sister I knew you would come if you knew!"

"Come, Bobby! Take me to the Mother Superior."

So the two went into the front entrance, and Mother

Ermina was surprised to hear his story, but the proofs of his identity were indubitable.

"You see, I had an accident at work about two years back; I was in the hospital five months. My arm was broken at the time, and my general health was shattered. Slowly I grew better, but grief preyed upon me—grief at the loss of my wife and child—grief at the thought of what she so lightly threw away because she could not bear to give in to what I thought was right. After I came out of the hospital, I was down and out; I could not return to my trade, because my constitution could not bear the strain—in fact, the doctor forbade it. So I did odd jobs here and there for a mere pittance—hardly enough to keep body and soul together. I grew so I didn't care what became of me—until I fell down a flight of rickety warehouse steps in the dark and broke my arm in the same place again. Gangrene set in, and again I was sent to the hospital, where for weeks the doctors fought for my life.

"At the time I didn't care whether I lived or died; but God bless them for their care. They thought I was nothing but a worthless tramp, but nevertheless, they knew their sacred duty, and followed it. The rest is soon told. A good Catholic nurse took care of me, and she led me back to God, set my wrecked mind straight, and told me that nothing, nothing in the wide world mattered where love and home and a little child were concerned. So, I've decided to go back—if she will have me," he added humbly.

"Your arm; is it improving?" asked the Superior.

"It is knitting now, thank you. Oh, if only a broken heart could be set like a broken arm can!" And he passed his well hand over his forehead and sunken cheeks. Mother Ermina was deeply touched.

"My good man," she said comfortingly, "God can mend broken hearts, and put sweetness in them—if only we follow His leading."

"And that is what I am going to do; will you dress this little fellow, so that we may go and bind up that other broken heart?"

"Indeed yes; and meanwhile, we will all pray for your success."

A half hour later, Bobby, his little heart fit to split with ecstasy and irrepressible joy, walked down the same immaculate, shining corridor with its crisp-uniformed, pleasant-faced nurses, his hand in that of his father, whose own heart beat with tumultuous anxiety and yearning love, and together, they rode up in that same elevator to the floor where lay the treasure of both. Tiptoeing to the door, Bobby slowly pushed it open; at the last moment, the man's heart became panicky, lest he be repulsed. But the child had no such fears.

Peeping around the screen, Bobby saw his mother was quietly reading in a wheel chair at the window. Then, finding his father's footsteps too slow to suit his own impetuous ones, he half pulled, half dragged him into the room. One astonished look, one heart-questioning glance, and Eunice Harman stretched out her arms.

"Robert! My husband!" and the next moment he fell on his knees, and buried his face in her lap.

A nurse tiptoed in just then, a vial of medicine and a glass in her hand. At sight of the little group, she swiftly turned and left the room, softly closing the door, a grave little smile upon her lips.

She was used to such tender scenes. A hospital teems with them.

## Conserve Your Strength

Reserve strength is an invaluable asset to have packed away in our bodies, for no one, especially a woman, knows when she will be called upon for some physical endurance test, such as sickness, nursing a sick member of the family, high nervous tension during some crisis, or the wasting effects of a sudden grief.

The woman who boasts that she is strong, throwing herself recklessly at heavy tasks, risking her health in various ways, such as perspiring in drafts, especially on wash days, getting wet feet, hanging clothes outside on a chilly day without a wrap, in damp clothing, lifting heavy weights, habitually overworking, etc., will find, to her surprise, some day, that she has overestimated herself. A sudden breakdown in health, a long slow convalescence—and she finds, to her sorrow, that her tardily returning strength never, never comes back in its original bounteous fullness.

There are women who habitually sit up until eleven or twelve o'clock nights crocheting or doing intricate embroidery work, just as there are young girls, who, because of their popularity, spend more nights out at parties and dances than their bodies can endure. The first warning signal is a haggard and wan appearance, with deep circles under the eyes, and a touchy disposition which is a sure sign of overstrain. There was one good husband, who watched his wife's disposition as a sort of recording clock. If she was bright and pleasant, he knew she had had a nice day at home, or with friends, but if she was testy when he came home, he would hint, "Aha, mamma has been sewing too hard again today. Come, mamma, let those dishes stand; we will go to the movies, and afterwards we will wash the dishes together." That husband understood what relaxation meant.

So should every woman understand how to relax periodically, for the sake of her nerves and body; she should allow her body its proper rest—more harm and weakened resistance has come of not getting the proper amount of sleep, than in any other way. She should work, but not drive herself; when the back begins to ache, the eyes to burn, and the patience to give out, over a day's sewing—stop! "Tomorrow is another day," AND—tomorrow may bring in its train unexpected strains that call for every ounce of strength in the body. No one knows; therefore, build up a fund of reserve strength against those times of stress in every woman's life when a clear head, unlimited patience, and a rock-bound endurance are absolutely necessary to pull her safely through the breakers.

## Some Decorative Vegetables

The bleak November days are here, as the poet says, and it behooves us to find other means to brighten our houses, in lieu of Old Sol's usual Autumn ineffectiveness. Sometimes he does not show up for weeks, and the landscape outside being anything but cheery, we must look to indoor plants to make of our homes a cheerful haven during the winter's inclemencies.

Many of us turn to indoor window boxes, and plants taken in from the garden at the first hint of frost; those of us who have no such plants to fall back upon for a bit of cheery greenery, may find in our most commonplace vegetables a medium for brightening up a room. Most of us know about the sweet potato, which, supported by four toothpicks in a glass of water, will soon send up a number of fresh green vines, which, climbing up on strings placed for them, will make any window a cheerful bower. Or they may be placed upon a mantel shelf, concealed behind a vase or photograph, and the vines trained upward to a picture on the wall.

A miniature hanging garden can be made of a large carrot. Scoop out the inside, cut three holes in the top through which strings may be passed, and hang from the center of the window frame. Keep it filled with water, and soon it will send out a shower of delicate green fronds which will entirely cover the vegetable.

Or a turnip may be used in the same way; scoop out, and fill the cavity with earth. Then plant canary or mustard seed in it, and leaves will sprout out all over the turnip.

Prosaic parsley may be made to fill two functions. Plant seed in the fall in a window box where the sun shines. When it comes up it will make a spot of greenery in your kitchen, as well as furnishing fresh parsley for soups, flavoring and garnishing.

## Novelties for Gifts or Bazaars

The shops are filled with fascinating little ribbon novelties that attract the eye and bring a fine price, and yet, many of them are so simple that any girl might put her hand to them and equal their ingenuity, once her imagination is started. Take a sodality giving a lotto, for instance; every girl is asked to bring one or more prizes. What a chance for the girl who is handy with her needle! There is the tea apron made of ribbon and lace insertion; get satin ribbon two or two and one-half inches wide, and cut into seven strips, each 20 inches long. Get some dainty Valenciennes or shadow-lace insertion; each strip should be 18 inches long; sew between ribbon strips and then fringe out each ribbon up to end of lace. The lace ends are sewed back into a point and have a tiny silk tassel to match the ribbon attached. For the belt, make a casing of the lace and run narrow ribbon through, fringing it at the ends.

Then there are dainty puff cases, which are easily made of flowered ribbon, and lined with chamois or plain satin ribbon; they are made envelope fashion

and fasten down with a snap clasp on the flap. Another dainty puff bag is made as follows; cut a circle of cardboard about three inches in diameter; pad with a thin layer of cotton on both sides and cover with ribbon. Then take four- or five-inch-wide ribbon and shirr it to the edge of the cardboard; sew narrow ribbon along inside of top edge and run cord or ribbon through for drawstring.

Odds and ends of silks, ribbons and laces may be thus made up into attractive little articles. There is no end to the odd-shaped hand bags which may be fashioned of these discarded bits from one's scrap bag, to say nothing of handkerchief cases, glove cases, hair receivers, ribbon or silk-covered boxes to receive buttons, hair pins or other pins; lined with chamois or velvet, they may be converted into jewelry cases, etc. One girl yearly goes over her scrap bag and reaps a nice profit from homemade hand bags and novelties made and sold around Christmas time.

## How to Judge Fabrics

When purchasing piece goods, it is necessary to know what constitutes good value in the material desired. The fiber should be examined with respect to its properties and qualities, and the manner of weaving scrutinized. Good fiber and good yarn may often be spoiled by poor construction of the fabric. Loosely woven fabrics, of course, are never as durable as those whose weave is tight and solid, although in many cases, the manufacturer is tempted to sacrifice durability to beauty, or merely to fashion.

The plain "over and under" weave is perhaps the most durable, though some twills are very satisfactory. In buying muslins, for instance, it will be noticed that some are priced very low, while others are rather higher. Examination of these various cloths will show that the cheaper ones lack body, are loose and limp, and if used for sheeting or pillow slips, are so thin that the ticking shows through; while the higher-priced ones are solid to the touch, slightly stiff, and when looked through to the light, show but very slight openings between the weave. However, sometimes the stores advertise, for special sale, really good cloth at low prices; it is here that the housewife must learn to discern the good from the shoddy. Often, between the good pieces, one will find the cheap, loosely woven kinds, also kinds that imitate the better fabrics by being stiffly starched to produce a body.

These may be easily detected by rubbing between the hands; the starch will then fly off in the form of powder, and the true weave be revealed. Another thing to watch in the construction of fabrics is, where a heavy yarn is used in the warp over a very thin one in the weft; this makes a weak fabric which wears out very soon. Sometimes, too, patterns are made by bleaching out portions of a dark background; the bleaching fluids weaken the fabric, as we have often noticed cloths in which the light designs wear out before the dark portions do.

## Household Hints

The good parts of old sheets make excellent ironing board covers, fine, absorbent dish towels and glass towels, sacks with which to cover woollen coats and dresses, and in which to put furs. Some parts may even be strong and good enough to make a small nightgown or petticoat of, and the weak, easily split parts should be torn into strips and saved for bandages.

Automobile oil or grease tracked on white stone steps or on the carpet, may be removed by rubbing with a cloth dipped in kerosene.

When windows stick, paint the grooves with hot paraffine and they will stick no more.

Lime water, so good for settling the stomach in cases of nausea and vomiting, can be made at home by getting a piece of lime the size of an egg and pouring over it a quart of pure water. Let stand several hours, strain and bottle. Put a teaspoon of it in everything the patient drinks.

## Recipes

**BONED LEG OF LAMB:** Purchase a leg of lamb and have it boned; have bones cracked and boil them in a quart of water with salt, pepper, parsley, celery, a carrot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a bay leaf, 6 cloves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bud of garlic and a saltspoon of curry powder. Boil 1 hour, then strain and cool. Remove grease. Make a savory dressing, stuff the leg, roll and tie firmly. Place in baking pan and pour over the liquid. Roast slowly and baste often. When done, thicken gravy, and serve with individual molds of mint jelly. Garnish with fresh mint leaves.

**FRIED CAKES:** 3 cups sugar, 1 quart buttermilk, 2 tablespoons lard, 3 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon soda (dissolved in milk), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ginger, 4 teaspoons baking powder, flour enough to make dough to handle nicely. Cut any shape desired, and fry in deep lard or oil. Dust with powdered sugar while warm.

## Needlework Department

The cutwork design given in July met with such success, and so many were the requests for other work designs, that we give herewith another, which lends itself for use in the dining room, being of pineapple and cherry design, and suitable for buffet and serving table scarf, square doilies for the china cabinet, or table cloth. The pineapple, scrolls, cherries and leaves are all in cut work, and the edge of the piece may either be hemstitched as in the sketch, or if a scallop is liked better, they may be drawn with a large spool. For those who like fancy work "all in white" because it can be boiled, this piece works out well in fine linen and white floss, while heavy dark tan linen, worked in dark tan floss is very rich indeed, and good for ten years' service at least. Those who prefer colors, however, will find that the design works very well in one color on white linen, as old gold, pink, pale blue, etc.,

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2558



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2554



2547



2543



2321



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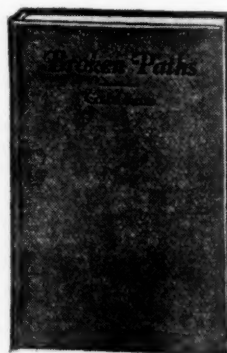
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Price \$3.00 Postpaid.

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40c Each

3 for \$1<sup>00</sup>



## Art Calendars Make Ideal Christmas Gifts

Many people are presenting the Catholic Art Calendar instead of using Christmas cards, thus avoiding the destruction which almost always happens to the Christmas Card within a few days after Christmas. The Calendar is a lasting remembrance of your kindly feeling throughout the entire year. Give Catholic Art Calendars this Christmas.

"WANTED" Agents to sell the above calendar. Write for information. A liberal commission will be allowed to you. You can sell it during your spare hours. Write to-day!

Address Benedictine Fathers, Calendar Dept., St. Meinrad, Ind.

40 cents each

3 for \$1.00

\$3.90 the dozen

## ORDER BLANK

Benedictine Fathers,  
St. Meinrad, Indiana.  
Dear Rev. Fathers:

Enclosed find \$..... for which  
please send me ..... 1926 Grail  
Catholic Art Calendars.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....